

M A X I M S
OF
G A L L A N T R Y,
OR THE
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
C O U N T de V E R N E Y.

By G. E. B. R.

There never were but six copies of this work

"Liquida voluptas et libera."
"Pure pleasure unalloyed with pain."

Cicero.

"A man of pleasure, though not always so scrupulous as he should be, and as one day he will wish he had been, refines at least his pleasures by taste, accompanies them with decency, and enjoys them with dignity."

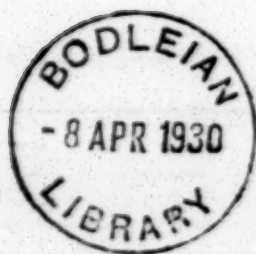
Lord Chesterfield.

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P R E F A C E.

THE introduction of a work into the world under such a title as "Maxims of Gallantry," may, perhaps, stand in need of some explanation or apology.

The author cannot easily, however, in an age of refinement like this, be accused of publishing "dangerous ideas." It is by engaging the heart through pleasure only, that we are able to seduce it from base inclinations. The virtue that wholly proscribes venal error, obliges us frequently to an entire violation of her laws.

The following pages are to shew how far we are able to elicit pleasure, and to shun the effects of moral and physical evil.

It is, however, trusted, that in this volume, as high and descriptive as some of the situations may have been imagined by the author, that the veil has not (in any place) been so far drawn from the lovely person of nature, as to offend with either obscenity or indelicacy.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

“ La paix est la premiere loi naturelle.

“ Celle de chercher à se nourrir est la seconde.

“ La priere naturelle des deux sexes pour l'un et l'autre
“ est la troisieme.

“ La desir de vivre en societé est la quatrieme.”

MONTESQUIEU.

Peace is the first law of nature.

That of seeking for nourishment is the second of those laws.

The inclination of the sexes for each other is the third.

The desire of living in society is the fourth law of nature.

WERE all minds possessed of philosophy,
or a fondness for metaphysical inquiry,
the above laws of nature would be sufficient to
shew that the inclination of the sexes, one for
the other, and the desire of living in society,

were not merely meant as laws to enforce the purposes of propagation, but to attract and direct the heart to the sweetest and most delightful of human pleasures, society, love, and friendship.

Pleasure may be defined to be that sort of gratification which is at once agreeable to the laws of nature and of reason.

It is ridiculous to assert, that when we permit or suffer a vicious inclination, that it is human nature; her pure and primary laws are always, one or other of them, shocked by the same crime which offends our reason.

Since the principle of evil, active as it is, will always seek the most ready way to the heart; it seems to have chosen pleasure as the medium through which it might most easily convey its poison: and since pleasure is the gratification of the senses, aided by the strength of all the laws of nature, it is impossible to proscribe it.

It

It is, however, in our own power to learn so judicious a management of our passions, as to divert them from dangerous or low inclinations, by keeping them in play with the more harmless gratifications of their several tendencies.

Had philosophy, when she first began to spread her enlightened systems among mankind, rather diverted them from, than proscribed venal faults, she would have been more successful.

The passions form an impetuous torrent in the human breast, which can only be regulated by permitting them to flow into different channels, but which reason herself dare not altogether check, since the source itself is nature, and will not be repulsed,

Real pleasure cannot, however, exist independent of the mind, nor is it ever so finely at-

tuned as when the chords of passion and of reason vibrate together.

Were it possible to guide the heart through the early pleasures of life, how happy would be the consequence! a mind ever satisfied with its reflections, a health declining only with the weight of age, an understanding, unimpaired, and an unoffending heart.

Women are the authors of all pleasure to man.

The allegory of Adam and Eve is highly beautiful; man is described as being in a restless and irksome situation for the want of a helpmate. "And the Lord said, it is not good
"for man to be alone." Gen. ch. ii. ver. 18.

The name of Eve, according to the Hebrew *חַוְוָה* *chauva*, signifies life, a word of a very comprehensive implication.

If

If we owe to women the introduction of moral and physical evil into the world, we find also in her the only solace to render them supportable.

The Divine Being had certainly the pleasure of man in idea when he formed women, and for that purpose gave her superior beauty, a finer contexture of frame, a sweet harmony of voice, and a soft gentleness of mind, more capable than that of man of receiving the impressions of the third and fourth laws of nature.

Cornelius Agrippa, in his defence of women says, “ *Idcirco illam omnis homo amet necesse est.*
“ *Quam qui non amaveret qui odio habuerit, ab*
“ *omnibus virtutibus & gratijs alienus est, nedum*
“ *humanitate.*”

“ Who, therefore, can but love the sex?
“ whoever hates it, must needs be a stranger
“ to virtue, grace, and humanity.” I believe
I may add, to happiness.

It is the education of women only that destroys the loveliness they possess from nature.

Pride, envy, malice, the love of scandal, and of mischief, are the children of prejudice, fashion, and folly; but where these are not found, the bosom of a woman is the receptacle of peace, pleasure, love, and friendship.

Love is (among those happy beings who have been blessed with education, and whose hearts are good) a delicate and sensible regard formed by the attraction of virtue to virtue, and sentiment to sentiment: it is the effect of sympathy supported by reason.

Love may be produced in minds dissimilar to each other, and when two bosoms such as these meet, they blend naturally together, and are mutually improved. Thus, levity with seriousness, generosity with oeconomy, soundness of judgement with wit and volatility,
and

and the love of dissipation with that of resentment. These are only the pleasing varieties of human character : but it is impossible for vice to associate with virtue ; we must decline the one to receive the other.

“ That which of all things in the world
“ makes the most for the honour of women, is,
“ that the wisest of men had a love for them
“ all the days of his life.”

Monf. de St. Evremont.

“ It is within himself that a man meets with
“ the greatest enemies to his repose. Solomon
“ knew how to shun them ; the less he looks
“ upon himself, the less miserable is he ; he
“ seeks no longer to relish his enjoyments, all
“ he aims at is to soothe his miseries ; he
“ charms them in the company of his concu-
“ bines, and whilst he is upbraided for having
“ lost the wisdom which God had given him,
“ he

“ he thinks that he practises what is most
“ agreeable to reason.”

Monf. de St. Evremont,

Women alone have the power “ to soothe
“ and give delight in the dull minutes of your
“ discontents.”

Love cannot exist without sensuality, nor
can it exist from sensuality alone. If we are
only struck with the personal charms of a wo-
man, and no more, the passion ends with the
gratification it demands.

If we are engaged by the mental qualifica-
tions alone, it is esteem.

If we feel admiration from each of these in
a lesser or greater degree, it is love.

There are women destitute of any very great
personal attractions, who possess an amiable-
ness

ness of disposition, or some peculiar qualities which engage the heart to love.

Marriage, when the consequence of love and esteem, is the seal of pleasure, affixed by virtue and reason to our future lot of existence.

Marriage, while it possesses all the pleasures of love, ends at once the dangers incident to passion.

Gallantry is derived from the third and fourth laws of nature.

The above laws of nature will not permit the heart to be long insensible of the pleasures the other sex are capable of affording; and since those pleasures are always dangerous, and yet irresistible, the direction of them should be preferred to the absurd reasoning of denial and continency.

Gallantry

Gallantry is natural and necessary to young minds ; its indulgencies are the preservation of virtue, honour, and *les mœurs* : those who are destitute of it are the subjects of low, sensual passions and depraved ideas.

The pleasures of gallantry may be followed without injuring the morals: it is not a general love for women that is dangerous—it is the abuse of that love.

The principle of gallantry is honour, which, when not applied to illicit amour, it preserves through all the pleasures of intrigue.

The dissatisfaction alone attending an illicit amour, is sufficient to deter any sensible mind from the pursuit, and even exceeds the danger; our virtue, interest, and happiness, are all engaged against us at the same time.

The best way to destroy an inclination for illicit amour in the moment, is **not only to oppose**

pose to it our respect for virtue and honour, but the recollection that we may indulge all the pleasures of intrigue without injuring the peace of others, or hurting our own feelings; there are hundreds of women the fair subjects of gallantry.

MAXIMS

M A X I M S
O F
G A L L A N T R Y.

THE Abbé Charpoint, who was at once one of the most learned and the most religious of that description of men in France, possessed so entire a dominion over the mind and actions of the old Count de Verney, that he resigned, with the utmost confidence and satisfaction, his only son George de Verney to his care, preferring the safety of a private education to all the advantages which are said to be derived from a public one; alledging, that though the first may abstract the young mind from the necessary knowledge of the world, it still, however, preserves it from being too early acquainted with its vices.

The obscure retreat of the old Abbé was admirably calculated to answer the intent of the Count. It was situated near the forest of Montargis, in the province of Orleans, which is about seventy miles from Paris ; it consisted of a venerable pile of detached buildings, in the midst of a dreary wood, which partly enveloped a mountain, destitute of almost any other verdure than the cypress and the fir-tree.

The Abbé was the only person the Count could find whose ideas of things approached his own, and whose religious severity equalled his wishes, being, indeed, one of the greatest scholars of his time, and most rigid professors of the schools ; he was, however, exceedingly reserved and pedantic, and of a morose and disagreeable disposition. But the last imperfections only served to enhance his value in the opinion of the old Count de Verney, as they appeared to him inseparable with the depth of knowledge and erudition he possessed. “ I have found,” said that nobleman, “ at last, a man who is equal to
“ the charge with which I intrust him, who has at
“ once the learning of the ancients, with their virtues,
“ and who is in every respect capable of forming and
“ instructing the mind of the child of my hopes.
“ My

“ My son will not be like the rest of our young
“ nobility, the fool of fashion or the *petit maitre* of
“ an hour ; he will equal, if not surpass, in learning
“ our professors ; his name shall be mentioned in the
“ annals of literature, and his works read and adm-
“ red in a future age.”

Thus fondly did the old Count indulge himself in a scheme which he imagined, next to moral certainty, must be attended with success, and plan, with all the zeal and obstinacy of age, a system liable to be overturned at every instant by a thousand little unexpected incidents that must necessarily place themselves in its way.

The Countess de Verney was the only person who dare remonstrate against the arrangements which were made, nor could she venture to say too much on this subject, and therefore always said too little to set aside the resolution of the Count ; the superior excellence of mind this lady possessed, would not, however, permit her to yield implicitly to the mode of education he had adopted for her child. She had been brought up in all the splendor and fashion of a court, and was sensible how necessary a superior

address and a knowledge of *les Bienfaisances* would be to introduce him with success to the notice of his sovereign, and to the attention of the circles in which he was born to move: vanity would not allow her to suppose him the dull insensible being the Count's favourite plan promised to present, and she endeavoured all in her power to retard the commencement of his design.

This lady, whose beauty and grandeur of person, together with the accomplishments she possessed, had rendered her the admiration of the court, had been led into an alliance with the Count entirely through the wish of her friends.

Thus it may easily be supposed the Countess had not much in her power, and opposed by such an enthusiast as Charpoint, it was impossible to succeed in any thing she asked. The Count had always been indifferent to what afforded her happiness, and was too proud of his own opinion, and vain of his judgment, to yield to any argument that might have been advanced.

To

To be short, the child was committed to the care of the old Abbé, who set off with him to the seat of learning we have just described, leaving the mother to regret his absence, and the Count to anticipate the pleasing consequences of his plan. They were received at the door of the mansion by Dame Jacinthe, who was at once the portress, cook, scullion, and house-maid of the castle, and the only female in it. The fair Jacinthe was about four feet in height, her body a huge mishapen mass, chiefly composed of sinews and fat; she was of the description of the Mamvataë, and her hair was of a vermillion red, her eyes small, her nose flat, and her legs crooked; she was, in short, taken altogether, a very extraordinary figure.

Seven years elapsed in the most severe and unremitting study; the Abbé did his duty; Greek, Latin, Hebrew, were acquired, the modern languages attained, lessons of morality inculcated, and the principles of philosophy grafted on the mind of his pupil. The Count de Verney frequently visited his son, and always left him in raptures. The old Abbé was caressed, admired, and extolled; but the Countess was seldom allowed to see her child, and

when she did, it was in the presence of her father, that she might not indulge herself in what he called the language of women, at once trifling and contrary to reason.

It was with pain, however, the Abbé Charpoint began to discover a levity of disposition, a *gaieté du cœur*, he could no way account for in his pupil; he found in the midst of study a vivacity and inattention to his lectures, which displeased him; he hated any thing brilliant, and always damped as much as possible, the effusions of fancy the young Count sometimes indulged; he feared for the morals of his scholar, and considered with monastic prejudice, that virtue and levity of disposition were incompatible with each other.

How, said he, is it that de Verney is possessed of this volatility of mind! I have been careful to select the most pure and enlightened observations of the ancients; I have not allowed him an indiscriminate perusal of their works; what he has read, I have seen and approved; virtue and philosophy have attended his steps from infancy, nor has he yet heard

or seen any thing that could convey dangerous ideas to his imagination.

The Abbé, however learned, did not consider that he had two very powerful enemies to contend with in his pupil—nature and constitution.

The young Count possessed no small share of his mother's wit and beauty; indeed, it seemed as if all the excellencies of the parent were selected to adorn the child; he was tall and elegantly made, his eyes shone with the force of understanding, and yet expressed the gentle and social temper of his mind; his cheeks possessed all the bloom of uninjured health, and his activity shewed that no innovation had been made on his strength; he had a natural address, for he had learned nothing of the kind from the Abbé, and was unaffectedly noble and polite.

Though the virtues of de Verney were culled and collected by the hand of the sage and discreet Charpoint, his perfections seemed thrown together with more success by the friendly hand of nature.

Such was the young Count, when one day, after a severe application to study, he was allowed to recreate himself with a walk alone, the Abbé Charpoint being laid up with the gout.

De Verney wandered about some time, regarding every object round him with an eye of more than common curiosity; he was at one instant employed in surveying the adjacent fields and meadows, and the next lost in reflection, till at last, giving way to a heaviness of heart he could no way account for, he exclaimed, "How beautiful, how charming are the
" works of nature, and how irksome appear to me,
" just now, the lessons of my preceptor! Far more
" happy than myself is yonder gardener, who, though
" destitute of learning, tastes more of the sweets of
" life in one hour, than I have done for years; the
" books I have read paint such scenes with rapture:
" surely there is a great deal to which I am yet a
" stranger; pleasures I have scarcely felt, something
" beyond what my preceptor teaches."

The young Count had, during this meditation, wandered to the borders of a pleasant wood, the confines of which at last he entered, and was surprised
to

to find in one of the turnings a little door half open, almost hid between the trees, and through which was presented what might very well be called another paradise; his attention was presently arrested by the many new and beautiful objects which surrounded him, while his senses were delighted with the varied odours of the orange, the myrtle and the rose-tree, which were each in their turns borne on the successive zephyrs that collected them. A fountain of the clearest water kept playing at the entrance, and innumerable cascades were situated between the trees; the basins were filled with gold and silver fish, playing wantonly in the restless fluid, the murmurings of which were echoed by the adjoining caves and grottos.

The parroquet, the Java sparrow, the Virginia nightingale, and other foreign birds, displayed their plumage in aviaries between the trees, while the parterres contained every exotic plant or flower the eye of taste or curiosity could select.

“ Shall I,” said de Verney to himself, “ enter this charming place!” he stood a few minutes hesitating,
but

but curiosity at last got the better of his timidity; he now perceived several statues placed between the trees, all emblematical of love, and of the most exquisite workmanship; Cupids advantageously placed behind the foliage, some in attitudes of drawing their bows, and others spreading nets for the unwary passengers; maids amusing themselves bathing, and Venus's hid in the recesses of the wood, with innumerable inscriptions annexed, all relative to the tender passion. The young Count was presently intercepted by a canal, which seemed to extend itself a great way; by turning to the left, he discovered a draw-bridge, over which he passed between pedestals of the finest marble, upon which were placed two naked women, who held a wreath of flowers and a bandeau, on which was wrote in letters of gold,

L'ISLE D'AMOUR.

The imagination of the young Count became more and more confused; he could scarcely collect the objects round him; a new kind of sensation found its way to his breast, the effect of surprise, novelty, and pleasure; he stood an instant motionless, reading the inscription over and over, which, mysterious as it appeared, conveyed a something

thing he already seemed to understand. What he had read in the ancients were recollected, but he only became more involved from such inquiries, and would, perhaps, have remained some time longer an unsuccessful alchymist in love, had not chance directed his steps to a sort of mosque, nearly surrounded by trees, on the door of which was inscribed the words, "SACRED TO LOVE;" he entered, and passed through an apartment of some length to a beautiful saloon, hung round with pictures, all descriptive of love; a bust of Sappho was placed facing the entrance; the alcoves were filled with vases of the finest flowers, and contained besides, in niches beautifully carved, a very handsome library; without the saloon was a basin of clear water for the purpose of bathing, which, as the mosque was surrounded by trees, afforded a cool and delightful retreat; a sofa, the covering of green satin, was placed in the apartment next the water, upon which lay a small volume, beautifully bound.

"Heavens," repeated de Verney, "what a delightful place! surely it is no mortal residence," for he had as yet seen no person whatever; "I will venture to stop here a few minutes, this book will perhaps afford

“ford me amusement :” it was the Bassia, and the page which was doubled down, one of the most luxuriant descriptions of the elegant author,

De Verney, who was a good deal fatigued, laide himself down on the sofa, and taking the book in his hand, entered on a subject which was almost new to him, and which occasioned a train of some not very unpleasing ideas. Every page seemed to involve him in new mysteries ; the more he read, the more he was astonished at the secrets that little volume contained,

At last, however, the sweet breath of the south bearing with it almost all the perfumes of Arabia, took so great an effect on the senses of the tired de Verney, that the book fell gently from his hands, and he was presently enrapt in the arms of sleep,

A little time only had elapsed before the mistress, or rather the goddess of this charming place, entered the saloon, partly undressed, with an intention of bathing. Nature had, with more than common care adorned this lady with her beauties, and seemed to have sent her forth as a model of perfection : she
had

Had on a loose wrapper, which shewed to advantage the symmetry of her shape; her bosom, which equalled in whiteness the plumage of the swan, teemed with all the ripe luxuriances of woman; her figure was grand and majestic, and shewed in every movement superior rank; her eyes, filled with an expressive langour, seemed never to have been subjected to any but the tender passions; her lips surrounded a set of the whitest teeth, and her complexion was the fairest imaginable. But what was her astonishment at finding so handsome a cavalier asleep, in a place which had hitherto been sacred; indignation, however, could not exist a moment against such an object. "Heavens"! cried the Lady Constante de Clermonte, (for that was her name) "what a charming youth! by what accident " has he been led to this place, or how did he get in! " he cannot surely be a mortal! he is more beautiful " than Adonis!" She drew near the sofa, and touching his hand which hung carelessly over the side, exclaimed in the accents of astonishment; " what delicacy! how beautifully white, how exquisitely made!" She became every instant more embarrassed, fearful of disturbing him, and yet anxious to know the particulars of his adventure. A pedal, harp which
was

was in one of the alcoves, fortunately occurred ; but she had scarcely touched the strings, before the Count awoke, and directing his eyes towards the place where the sound came from, was at once involved in fear and astonishment ; he remained an instant motionless, the colour fled from his cheeks, and he almost sunk under the confusion into which this accident had thrown him.

The generous *Constance* immediately drew near the sofa with a smile full of complacency and good nature, when *de Verney*, taught by that sympathy which awakened even the feelings of a clown, fell on one knee, and self-instructed, exclaimed, “*Madam*, pardon a thoughtless wanderer, who, led
“ by the beauties of this charming place, has dared
“ to set aside the laws of politeness.”—“*Young
“ stranger*,” interrupted the *Lady Constance*, “*I
“ must not allow an apology for an accident by
“ which chance has done me so great a favour ; there
“ is something in your appearance that informs me
“ of your rank, and a softness and gentleness of
“ manner that rejects the idea of any mean or bad
“ intention. However*,” continued the *Countess*,
“ you are now my prisoner, nor can I part with
“ you

“you till I am informed of every circumstance of
“your adventure.” In saying this, she seated herself next him on the sofa, and endeavoured, by all the powers of complacency and good nature, to remove the diffidence he laboured under, and led him by degrees into a conversation the most agreeable he had ever experienced. De Verney, while she spoke, dwelt on each word with rapture, equally fascinated by her action, which was all ease and elegance, and by the musical harmony of her voice.

De Verney now retained the hand of the fair Constante; the sensation spread itself through every vein, the subtle flame increased, and its influence had already reached his heart; when she, bending towards him in the action of listening, admitted new beauties to be seen, while every attitude served to convey those rapturous ideas which nature must one day form in the mind of the most untutored pupil. “Good Heavens!” repeated the Count to himself, “is it possible that any one should have been so long
“a stranger to the pleasure I now feel; that the
“most delightful of the passions should have lain
“torpid in my bosom. Surely,” cried de Verney, somewhat louder, “Charpoint’s precepts are errone-

“ous

“ous ; he has ever informed me virtue delights
 “ most in retreat and solitude, and has bid me shun,
 “ as the greatest of dangers, the pleasures of society
 “ and of women.”—“ Every precept,” cried the
 Lady Constante, “ that contradicts the laws of na-
 “ ture, is erroneous ; however, we will leave the
 “ discussion of this subject till another opportunity ;
 “ I am now informed (from your mentioning the
 “ name of Charpoint) who you are, and am no
 “ stranger to the story of your juvenile imprison-
 “ ment ; but come, will you trust yourself with me ;
 “ you need some refreshment after your fatigue,”

The natural ease and gracefulness with which the young Count led this lady from the saloon, made him appear to the greatest advantage ; his figure was grand, and his manner prepossessive and engaging. It was impossible for her to help feeling at once astonishment, pleasure, and esteem.

“ Perhaps,” said the Countess de Clermonte, smiling, “ if you had been a few minutes later,
 “ you would have found me another Musidora ; I
 “ was just going in to bathe, and should certainly
 “ have

“have been more severe in my sentence than even
“Diana herself.”

Modesty, when it is not offended by gross ideas, feels the most pleasing sensations from such subjects as lead to rapturous images; and if they are at any time mixed with pain, it can proceed only in men from the awe and respect felt for superior excellence and beauty, or from the dread of indifference, or dislike in the person we adore.

Though attended with a blush of inferiority, a train of new and delightful ideas occupied the mind of de Verney. It is always in the power of a sensible and witty woman to lead the imagination by accidental subjects to form luxurious pictures, and on this half the victory depends, for as these are raised, we sigh for reality, and burn with a more dangerous increase of passion.

“Within this place,” continued the Lady Constante, approaching a grotto, the outside of which was spread with a small vine, “we may refresh ourselves.”

C

A repast

A repast the most luxurious that can possibly be imagined, consisting of pines, melons, peaches, and all sorts of confectionary, was spread ready on a table, gilt with gold, and supported by fauns and satyrs. "No doubt," said the Countess de Clermont, "you are somewhat surprised at the romantic appearance of this place ; some day, however, when you favour me with another visit, you shall know something of the history of the mistress of this retreat ; at present, all my thoughts are to afford my young stranger a kind and hospitable reception." During the repast they were attended by several black servants.

After some little time elapsed in conversation of this kind, the young Count having expressed some fears of his preceptor's being surprised at his absence, the Lady Constante rose from her seat, and taking his hand, cried, "I wish, de Verney, too much to see you again, to run any longer the hazard of depriving you of the means ; return to your preceptor, but, recollect, you have now a friend elsewhere."

"No-

“Nothing on earth,” returned de Verney,
“shall detain me a day from you ; parental autho-
“rity, and magisterial severity, is at an end ; I have
“never felt pleasure till this hour, and am eager to
“quit the dull senseless occupations in which I have
“so tediously been employed.”

In parting, the fair *Constance* allowed, or rather engaged the young Count to taste something of the pleasures of the *Basia*, described from a lip replete with ambrosia, at the same time pressing his hand with an ardor that sufficiently shewed how much she was already interested in his favour.

An appointment was made for the next day, when de Verney took his leave and left the Countess de Clermont in the garden.

The moment the young Count had entered the wood, he gave way to the most pleasing recollections of all that had past, though the strangeness of his adventure made it sometimes have the appearance of a dream. He was thus involved, when the sight of the gate of his preceptor's house brought him a little to reason ; he immediately saw the dangerous conse-

quences that might ensue from his stay, and concluded that his absolute imprisonment must follow ; but the goddess of love who ruled this day, had disposed things more favourably ; the amiable Jacinthe had concealed from the Abbé his scholar's absence, and received de Verney at the door in the most pleasant temper imaginable. " Where can " you have been all this time ? " cried the fair portrets.—" I have been walking," returned the Count, with no little spleen, " and fell asleep in the " wood."—" In the wood !" returned Jacinthe, " are you mad ! you have caught cold, I dare say : " your preceptor!"—" What of him ? " returned de Verney, who longed at any rate to shake off the despotism of his master.—" Nothing—but he would " have been so angry, only I contrived that he " should not know any thing about it."—" My " dear Jacinthe," cried the Count, " I return you " my thanks for this kindness." But Jacinthe, who conceived that her services deserved a greater recompence, would not be so easily satisfied ; and the goddess of love, who had poured some ingredient of the passion into her ear the preceding evening, for the purpose of serving her young adventu-

rer, had so far mistaken the dose, that really Jacinthe was in much too amorous a humour.

Poor de Verney, after so luxuriant a breakfast, to dine so poorly ; or to be nearer the point, after kissing de Constante—to be obliged to kiss Jacinthe !

As soon as the Count had retired to his closet, he revolved over again in his mind all the pleasing incidents of the day ; sleep did not approach his pillow till morning, when Morpheus attended him with a thousand gay and pleasing visions.

De Verney rose with fresh spirits, full of the visit he intended to L'ISLE D'AMOUR, and was not a little pleased to hear that his master was much worse.

The sun, which had just begun to appear after a summer shower, invited de Verney to his walk, and after expressing his wish to Jacinthe, he set off with all the eagerness that attends the expectation of pleasure, to the appointed spot.

The Countess de Clermont, who had prepared the most refined and elegant entertainment, received him at the door of a large mansion, entitled the Temple of Sensibility, to which he was conducted by a black servant.

The Lady Constante, who was now arrayed in a white Persian dress, ornamented with gold, appeared in all her charms ; a string of the finest pearls surrounded her neck, while her bosom, from the adjustment given to her handkerchief, was shewn to the greatest advantage, and invited the imagination to explore beyond concealment.

The Countess de Clermont who was near thirty, had found no decay of beauty ; her eyes, though perhaps less lively, still retained such an expressive softness, and so much luxurious meaning, that they were only the more improved from the experience which governed them.

If the Count had the preceding day in no small share felt that undescribable emotion that attends the advances of love towards the heart, he now began to taste something of the reality of the passion ; he
found

found that his imagination had only painted in faint colours the delight he was again about to receive, and when the object of his adoration approached, dwelt in silent transport on the charms she possessed,

The Countess de Clermont, after embracing the young de Verney, led him to a grand apartment in the Temple of Sensibility, where a sumptuous entertainment was prepared, which was, however, presently removed, various sorts of the finest French and Italian wines put on the table, and the attendance of the servants dispensed with.

When two people of even tolerable ideas are left together, the subject most generally is love, but to minds possessed of sensibility and the social passions, such an opportunity is a sweet luxurious moment, not to be neglected.

The Count, led by no inconsiderable attraction, had now removed his seat next the charming Constante, who reclining on the table in an attitude of elegance and ease, took the hand of de Verney, and smiling with all that sweetness of expression which engages

the heart to confidence, whispered, "and is it possible, de Verney, you should have been till yesterday a stranger to the name of love?"

"The name, Madam," returned the Count, after a pause, "I have indeed heard, but am still ignorant of its full force and meaning."

"And yet your eyes," returned the Countess, "at this moment express all the passion."

"My eyes, Madam, are not instructed, they convey only the language of my heart."

"I believe it, de Verney," replied the fair Constante; "then tell me sincerely, does not your heart beat somewhat stronger since your romantic excursion, with the love of pleasure and society? Does it not inform you there is something beyond cold esteem and the dull sense of duty you have felt for your preceptor, and does not your imagination long to be instructed in the pleasing mysteries into which accident has thrown you?"

"Yes,

“ Yes, Madam,” returned the Count, “ my heart
“ indeed palpitates with some new sensations, but it
“ is from your beauty they are derived. My eyes,
“ that have viewed every other object with a like
“ indifference, dwell with delight on you only ; I
“ cannot help thinking you some superior being ; I
“ fear to approach you. If I touch your hand I
“ tremble, though with an excess of pleasure ; your
“ gentleness and complacency make me sigh for
“ your esteem, and when absent from you, I burn
“ with anxious expectation to see you again.—
“ Perhaps,” cried the young de Verney, “ this is
“ love.—

“ Yes,” returned the amiable Constante, pressing
the hand of the Count, “ it is love, and more natu-
“ rally described than I have ever heard. But my
“ young friend, my heart is equally interested with
“ your’s, I receive the same impressions of pleasure you
“ express. Reserve and compliment are both unne-
“ cessary here, nature disowns the first, and the
“ latter is unequal to the language of love ; in
“ minds blessed with the same delicacy and sensi-
“ bility, the pleasing relationship is soon found,
“ their ideas and passions blend together, they mix
“ mutually

“ mutually with each other, and associate from
“ sympathy, till the alliance grows into attachment
“ and esteem.”

The Count remained silent, employed in the voluptuous scrutiny the charms of the fair *Constance* invited. While his attention was engaged in the pleasing subject of her discourse, his eyes wandered over the personal charms of the beautiful orator.

The Countess, who had drawn a chair next her, placed her foot so advantageously on the frame, that the drapery fell aside, and part of a fine formed leg and foot were admitted to be seen.

The ray of vision which had been hitherto elsewhere employed, diverged from the point of attraction to the chair for an instant, but altered its place with the excursions the imagination of the young *de Verney* made.

The enraptured Count now seized the hand of the *Lady Constance*, and pressing it with a fervency that discovered the situation of his heart, exclaimed,
“ From this moment the dull maxims of my pre-
“ ceptor

“ceptor are forgot, and governed no longer by his
“ prejudices ; my thoughts shall range at liberty
“ where pleasure leads them ; my heart, divested of
“ his precepts and severities, shall seek the sweets
“ of society, love and friendship ; with you I
“ shall pass away the tedious hours in pleasantness
“ and peace, nor ever wish to change the scene
“ again.”

“ How dangerous,” returned the Countess, “ has
“ been the education you have received, and how
“ eagerly do you endeavour to break the chain that
“ holds you from your wishes. I am happy, my
“ young friend, that accident has brought you to
“ me before the moment arrived when you must have
“ entered into the gaiety and dissipation of life in
“ which you are one day destined to move. The
“ pleasure, de Verney, of which you speak so
“ much, is the result of the most delightful sensa-
“ tions, and of a mind of peace and satisfaction ;
“ would that it could always retain so pleasing a
“ description, that you might to the full end of ex-
“ istence taste an almost unmixed source of human
“ felicity. Mistaken Charpoint, the abilities of the
“ pilot must indeed be few, who tells you there are
“ rocks

“ rocks in the sea of life, without pointing out
“ where they lie: but I will leave this subject for
“ the present, and with a sincerity of heart that is
“ interested in your safety and happiness, inform
“ you how to elicit pleasure, and shun the dangers
“ of passion and indiscretion. But first, as a neces-
“ sary introduction, I will, according to my pro-
“ mise, lay open a history where all the errors and
“ weaknesses of a female heart will be exposed;
“ nor will I forget to mention the greater faults that
“ fully some pages in it:—no—I will confess them
“ all, and in doing it, avow that it is mostly our own
“ perverse and vicious inclinations that embitter the
“ fountain of human pleasures. But do not, my
“ young friend, take a future advantage of the his-
“ tory of female imprudences it will contain; and
“ since every woman’s heart is nearly alike, do not
“ make an ungenerous use of the dangerous precepts
“ it may afford you. Love them, de Verney, I
“ am sure you will, for your mind possesses all the
“ requisites of love, the skilful little chemist has
“ thrown them together with peculiar art; but do
“ not apply the attractions nature has given you, to
“ involve in distress and ruin, innocence and worth,
“ or debase the generous and friendly nature of
“ love



“love with vice or sensuality. But let us,” continued the Countess, “retire to the mosque, we shall be less interrupted, and shall enjoy to advantage the pleasantness of the evening.”

During the walk, de Verney selected some of the most beautiful flowers for the Countess de Clermont, which she placed immediately in her bosom.

There are certain accidents of which a voluptuary in love may make a great deal. Had Cupid himself disturbed the gauze which surrounded the neck of the fair Constante, he could not have done it to more advantage.

When the Countess entered the saloon, she seated herself on the sofa, and de Verney next her;—a short elapse ensued, after which the fair Constante began :

THE HISTORY OF THE
COUNTESS DE CLERMONT.

“ My father, M. du Bois,” continued the Countess, “ was resident at Pondicherry, at which settlement I was born ; I believe I was about fourteen years of age when he brought me from that country, and had already been indulged in all the luxury and pleasures of that delightful climate. At our return, I was placed under the care of the Abbess of a convent near St. Cloud, for the purpose of education only, as it was not intended I should take the veil ; I there formed a friendship with a young lady, whose name was Arriete de Lusi ; her stature, though small, possessed a luxuriance of form, the pencil of a Guido would have failed in describing ; her eyes conveyed only gaiety and pleasure, while her heart, full of love and affection, was a stranger to the passions of either envy or ill nature. Poor Arriete ! why am I obliged in relating my own history, to disclose that of my dear little friend ?

My

“ My mother, who was a woman initiated in the
“ sciences, and possessed of every accomplishment,
“ died in India, and my father had, since his return,
“ married Madame d'Ollone, a lady who had been
“ constantly involved in all the dissipation and extra-
“ vagance of Paris ; so much employed, she took
“ very little care of the education of her new daugh-
“ ter, who was now removed from the convent, and
“ placed under her own protection, at a beautiful
“ seat of my father's near Dijon in Burgundy.

“ Arriete was permitted to be with me, constantly
“ together, our love gradually increased, our wishes
“ and fears were reciprocally communicated, our
“ hours passed away in peace and pleasantness, and the
“ chagrins and disappointments we sometimes met
“ with, only served to give a new zest to pleasure.

“ My young friend and myself one day wandered
“ out to the borders of a pleasant wood, near the
“ house where a beautiful meadow presented its grassy
“ verdure ; Arriete had her guitar ; we had, however,
“ scarcely seated ourselves on our favourite spot, a
“ rising bank covered with daisies and violets, before
“ we discovered two horses, attached by their bridles
“ to

“ to a tree, handsomely caparisoned. Arriete,
“ whose ideas were equally romantic with my own,
“ immediately cried, ‘ Well, here are the Rozinantes, but where are the Knights ? ’ She had scarcely
“ spoke the words, before we saw two handsome cavaliers asleep upon the grass. Arriete, whose
“ soul was all gaiety and pleasure, tuned her guitar,
“ and touched it with such sweetness, that I shall
“ never forget the little trifling air she played on the
“ occasion. We were on the other side the bank,
“ but could hear very plainly one of our gentlemen
“ call to the other, telling him he thought he heard the
“ sound of music and singing. Arriete was now
“ running away, but it was too late, we were discovered. The youngest cavalier, who seemed about
“ twenty years of age, came up with me, while the
“ other held the hand of Arriete ; she, who only
“ laughed immoderately at the compliments they paid
“ us, did not reject the conversation, and I must
“ own, I was too well pleased to be singular in
“ reserve. My gallant told me his name was Henry
“ de St. Malo, that he and his friend were fugitives;
“ his companion, Guillaume de Rochelle, having
“ killed the Duc de Brisac in a duel. I immediately felt myself interested for their safety, while
“ a thou-

“ a thousand little incidents served to make them
“ more and more agreeable. Arriete, who was
“ fruitful in expedient, persuaded them to rest for
“ the night in a comfortable cottage occupied by one
“ of our servants, whose name was Rufus, an honest
“ and faithful fellow ; he was presently let into the se-
“ cret, and afforded them every accommodation in his
“ power. We saw them every day when we walked
“ out. My father was confined to his room, and
“ Madame du Bois at Paris, so that chance seemed
“ to dispose of every thing as we wished. They had
“ now been with us near a month, and, I believe,
“ had made a pretty successful progress in our hearts ;
“ mine felt all the dangerous symptoms of love, and
“ the bosom of my little friend beat with no less
“ violent emotions. Henry,” cried the Countess to
de Verney, “ resembled as much as possible your-
“ self, excepting that he was of a smaller stature ;
“ Guillaume, who was older, was tall, robust, full
“ of courage and fire, proud, but gallant ; his lan-
“ guage witty and brilliant, and his manner impor-
“ tant ; a turn which he possessed for ridicule
“ afforded him constant subjects to exercise the
“ quickness of his imagination. The light parts of
“ Arriete’s disposition seemed finely to assimilate with

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“ the

“ the volatility of his, while the less violent passions
“ of my Henry blended with the sentiment which I
“ indulged.

“ News was now received that Guillaume de Ro-
“ chelle might return to Paris ; the thoughts of their
“ approaching departure made our lovers more va-
“ luable than ever. The moment, however, arri-
“ ved, when they were to take their leave ; the
“ event was highly favourable to them, for we sunk
“ together in their arms, permitted a thousand
“ kisses, and owned a passion which they long since
“ must have discovered.

“ Our gallants, however, did not leave us with-
“ out promising to find some method of being intro-
“ duced to my father, and a correspondence by letter
“ was to be entered on till that moment arrived.

“ We had waited some time without any tidings
“ of our lovers, when one day we observed from our
“ windows some gentlemen who seemed as if they
“ were returned from hunting, and on their way to
“ our seat. It was my Henry, with his friend
“ Guillaume de Rochelle, accompanied by the Count

“ d’Alface, who had introduced them both to my fa-
“ ther, who received them with the utmost hospita-
“ lity and politeness.

“ How complete was the satisfaction which this
“ interview afforded, our eyes could scarce submit
“ to the necessary restraint of the moment, and every
“ opportunity was employed in the soft interchanges
“ which love directs.

“ Our company remained with us only a week,
“ which little time was passed with a fulness of sa-
“ tisfaction and delight superior to any I have felt :
“ the weather was beautiful ; it was the month
“ of June ; summer had spread out all her charms in
“ the garden, and the field, while nature seemed to
“ demand the sacrifices of love and pleasure.

“ My Henry and myself, accompanied by
“ Guillaume and the gentle Arriete, were almost
“ always walking, when opportunity would per-
“ mit. Love is the only passion which elicits plea-
“ sure from trifles. If my Henry took my hand,
“ my bosom felt the impression also ; and if acci-
“ dent, or the ingenuity of my lover, discovered more

“ than prudence permitted, he became only more
“ valuable from the possession of the secret.

“ There are a thousand little incidents, de Verney,
“ of consequence to a lover, against which a wo-
“ man cannot defend herself, and if the accident
“ subjects us to a blush for a moment, it is followed
“ only with increased esteem and confidence.

“ Some little time after our gentlemen had left us,
“ my father came into my room with a letter in his
“ hand he had received from the East Indies, in
“ which I was but too much the subject. The
“ Count de Clermonte, Governor of Pondicherry,
“ who remembered me an infant in that country,
“ and who had heard much talk of my beauty from
“ those who had seen me afterwards, had sent over
“ offers of marriage, which my father thought too
“ advantageous to refuse.

“ He came full of the success which he imagined
“ would attend his commands ; but he had no sooner
“ read the contents of the letter, than my eyes in-
“ formed him of his disappointment. The sudden
“ shock which was given to a mind hitherto the
“ recep-

“receptacle of pleasure only, for a moment depri-
“ved me of my senses. I knew the obstinacy of
“his disposition, and anticipated all the conse-
“quences of his anger. I spoke, however, at first,
“in the language of remonstrance, urged the dif-
“ference of our ages as an excuse, the danger of
“the voyage, and my fixed dislike to the Count him-
“self. My father made me no other answer than
“to desire me to get myself in readiness to obey his
“commands.

“When night came, I informed my Arriete of
“the disagreeable news of the day; the difficulty
“kept us awake till morning, when our consultation
“ended, with a resolution to do any thing sooner
“than sacrifice love to either interest or power, and
“my gentle confidante sunk in my arms to sleep.

“We had managed it so as to receive letters from
“our lovers, by the help of a hollow tree near the
“house, into which they were put; our corre-
“spondence continued with the same ardour it had
“begun; but hearing nothing further from my fa-
“ther, I suppressed mentioning the disagreeable
“event I should have been taught to expect, and

“ the time elapsed without any arrangements on my
“ part.

“ One day, after an unusual flow of spirits, I was
“ informed my father wanted to speak with me ;
“ I attended ; it was to tell me the ship was ready,
“ in which I was to take my passage, and that I
“ must go on board the ensuing week ; I ventured
“ now, as the last resource of despair, to explain the
“ situation of my heart, but preserved a secret the object
“ of my passion ; the effect was as I expected, my fa-
“ ther insisted on my immediate compliance, which,
“ he said, could only do away the consequence of my
“ indiscretion and disobedience.

“ I retired to my closet, my Arriete accompanied
“ me, we embraced each other, and mixed our
“ tears together ; both involved alike, we felt the
“ same impressions, and were alike incapable of af-
“ fording consolation to each other, at last it was
“ determined we should send the following letter :

‘ To

‘ To HENRY de St. MALO,

‘ My dear Henry,

‘ MYSELF and my dear Arriete trust ourselves to your honour and that of your friend for protection and safety ; my father is determined on my leaving England next week. Oh ! relieve us from despotism, and receive as a recompence the undissembled love of your

‘ CONSTANCE.’

“ A few days after a letter arrived from Henry, full of expressions of tenderness and attachment, with an appointment for our intended flight ; a coach was to be ready in the evening, at the time we usually went to prayers. My faithful Rufus was to attend us. The letter also contained an apology for Guillaume, who was at that time at considerable distance from Paris. Arriete seemed somewhat melancholy at the disappointment, but her natural cheerfulness always led her to look forward to happy moments, and she became presently satisfied with being for the present with me, and her lover’s friend.

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“ The evening came, the moments went on fast
“ to the appointed time ; I trembled as it approached,
“ the bosom of my Arriete palpitated with fear and
“ apprehension : we addressed the Virgin Mary more
“ devoutly than ever, and after our vigils were over,
“ remained suspended in thought, almost inclined
“ to desert our intended plan. We had courage
“ enough, however, to descend the steps, the gate
“ shut after us ; we began to think it already too
“ late to retract, and thus put it more out of our
“ power every moment. Henry de St. Malo was
“ waiting for us at the end of the lane, I spoke not
“ a word, he placed us in the coach, and excepting
“ some endearing expressions and assurances of protection, all was silent. When the morning appeared, the spirits of my little friend returned, and she endeavoured, with all her enchanting smiles, to dissipate the low-spiritedness I suffered. My Henry used also every means to divert me, but the thoughts of my father’s resentment occupied my mind at every moment of leisure.

“ We arrived after a journey of three days at his
“ seat, which had scarcely till then been occupied by
“ any of the family of St. Malo, and was admirably
“ calcu-

“calculated for our concealment. We were re-
“ceived by a female relation of his, and I had now
“the pleasure of finding my Henry (who had just
“succeeded to the title of the Count de St. Malo,
“his deceased uncle) as honourable as I could wish,
“for we were privately married the next day; my
“Arriete alone seemed excluded from our satisfac-
“tion: she felt the regret of absence so forcibly,
“that I could already perceive a considerable share
“of anxiety in the midst of her dissembled gaiety.

“A month elapsed in the pleasures of society and
“love; I adored my Henry, and he seemed to view
“me with the same delight as when he languished
“for the possession of charms, now all his own,

“It was our invention raised this mosque, the
“Temple of Sensibility, and the statues you saw in
“the garden, agreeable to the nature of our adven-
“ture, we named our retreat *L'Isle d'Amour*.
“Amidst the enchantments of this place, I almost
“forgot my father's displeasure, and became indiffe-
“rent to his happiness. Oh, Heavens! by what
“slender ties those parents hold their children, who
“only love them by the laws of custom, and treat
“them

“ them as the slaves of a family honour and privilege. My new alliance was the result of real love and esteem, unalloyed by any dishonourable reflection or offence to virtue.

“ Poor Arriete began to grow more melancholy every day ; she was constantly inquiring of the Count when he would hear from his friend, who endeavoured to invent new excuses for a negligence he could no way account for.

“ Oh, my Constante, cried the gentle Arriete, one day when we were alone, prepare to pity your poor friend, (the tears dropt from her cheek) all her wit, gaiety, and pleasure, is nearly ended ; the eyes that have so often pleased you with the expressions of a heart of levity, will soon stream with unceasing tears ; Guillaume, cried the tender Arriete, throwing herself on her knees, and hiding her face in my lap, will never return to me.

“ I felt my whole heart engaged in an instant in the sorrows of my lovely friend, and raised her to my arms with renewed affection, endeavoured to amuse her with hope, and though a party to her fears,

“ fears, concealed the impressions they had made on
“ my mind.

“ After this, the gentle Arriete gradually declined,
“ the colour left her cheeks, her eyes softened with
“ unceasing tears, lost their fire ; her lovely person,
“ the prey of anxiety and remorse, surrendered by
“ degrees its charms ; her complexion altered, and
“ melancholy spread its cruel influence over beauties,
“ it seemed envious to destroy. She was now con-
“ stantly seeking opportunities to be alone, and
“ shunned as much as possible any conversation with
“ the Count or myself, though sometimes she would
“ mix with the anguish her eyes expressed, a look of
“ sweetness and good nature, which made me forgive
“ her reserve.

“ Though I had long imagined the real source of
“ her distress, I had deferred from time to time an
“ explanation which might affect her still more. I,
“ however, expressed my fears to the Count, who
“ read me in confidence a letter he had received from
“ his friend, informing him it would be some time
“ before he would see him. I could perceive he was
“ equally interested in the fate of our companion,
“ and

“ and now informed me his acquaintance with
“ Guillaume originated in the affair of honour that
“ had occasioned his flight into Burgundy, and in
“ which Guillaume had shewn the greatest marks
“ of bravery, and was undoubtedly in the right ; the
“ Duke having mentioned with disrespect the name
“ of his friend. The Count added, he had learnt
“ since, that Guillaume was a man versed in intrigue,
“ that he had seduced several women, and gloried in
“ the ungenerous conquests he had made ; I fear
“ much, said the Count, our poor little friend has
“ sell a sacrifice to his perfidy.

“ It was as we expected ; Arriete at last received
“ a letter, which disclosed his intentions ; it was as
“ follows :

‘ My charming Arriete,

‘ I HAVE given instructions to my steward to
‘ pay you 500 livres a month, which I trust will be
‘ a sufficient income. I shall not be able to see you,
‘ as I am involved in engagements for some time.

‘ Your obedient, &c.

GUILLAUME.’

“ The

“ The sorrow which had hitherto been silently
 “ felt, now broke the bounds of prudence ; I found
 “ my dearest Arriete on the sofa, with the letter in
 “ her hand, frantic, and talking wildly to herself ;
 “ as soon as she saw me, she fell on her knees, ex-
 “ claiming, your poor Arriete is mad—give me hold
 “ of your hand ; have I a friend ? Oh, my Con-
 “ stante, how happy have been the hours we have
 “ passed together ! Do you not remember then,
 “ when we walked in the fields, and danced and
 “ sung ! Are you the same companion as knew me
 “ then ! Oh, yes, you are, but we must soon be se-
 “ parated !—I embraced her, she became more com-
 “ posed, and related, in all the moving accents of
 “ distress, the story of her misfortunes, her having
 “ yielded to the wishes of the cruel Guillaume, and
 “ that she was with child.

“ My Arriete was of an ancient and noble family,
 “ her father and all her brothers, soldiers, and disho-
 “ nour appeared to her in such colours, as would
 “ have served to break a heart less torn with love and
 “ disappointment.

“ All

“ All our attention was in vain to restore peace to
“ the distracted mind of the wretched Arriete ; she
“ now lay on the bed, an object of pity and admira-
“ tion : her faded beauties resembled those of a rose
“ or tulip, bent down by the tempest of the night,
“ proudly asserting to the beholders the rank they once
“ held ; her arm as white and soft as the breast of the
“ swan, was bent to receive her cheek, which re-
“ tained no more than a pale tint of its former co-
“ lour ; her eyes only expressed the resentment of a
“ tender and susceptible heart, while her bosom re-
“ peated the slow movements and weak pulsations
“ of declining health.

“ When my Henry was first acquainted with the
“ real circumstances of her illness, I observed the
“ most lively indignation in his looks ; he wrote,
“ unknown to me, repeated letters to Guillaume de
“ Rochelle, but without any effect, that villain was
“ engaged in new plans of ruin. We endeavoured to
“ persuade Arriete to make her friends acquainted
“ with her illness, but she was inflexible on this
“ subject.

“ Oh,

“ Oh, my de Verney,” cried the Countess de Clermonte, “ there can be no greater stain to gallantry than cruelty. Guillaume could not have found a heart possessed of more good nature, gentleness, and love, to have practised on, than that of the tender Arriete; unresisting as a lamb which the butcher leads to slaughter, she permitted all he asked, because her whole soul was love; no artifice opposed him, no prudery rejected, no experience guarded her.

“ We were obliged,” continued the Countess, “ to call in the aid of two physicians, who pronounced my Arriete to be in great danger; a slow fever was the consequence of her long-continued regret and sorrow, and it was also imagined the child was dead. My Henry, interested for her safety, went to Paris, and endeavoured to find Guillaume, but he could not even learn whether that wretch was in France or not.

“ The dreadful sequel approached, we were informed of what we were presently to expect; the fever had subsided, but with it almost the whole vital heat was lost, the pulse reduced to gentle and unequal

“unequal tremors, pronounced the approaching dissolution of my Arriete.

“The Abbé had just heard her confessions ; when
“we were admitted, she was perfectly composed ;
“observing me in tears, she cried, (taking my hand,
“and raising it to her lips) I know you are thinking
“of the little amusements, and pleasing summer
“walks we have enjoyed at Dijon, but that you
“know is over—I have thought too much—a silent
“elapse ensued.—She held out her hand to Henry,
“who kissed it with an agitation that finely pictured
“pity awakening revenge. Tell the cruel Guillaume, continued my Arriete, that he has lost the
“best, the kindest friend he ever had !—She said
“no more.

“I have still in my possession every little trinket
“which can bring this dear girl to my remembrance ;
“and in one of the secret windings of this wood,
“have raised a sarcophagus to her memory, which I
“frequently visit, to indulge a recollection that abstracts my thoughts from the follies and gaieties
“of life.

“But

“ But we will leave till to-morrow the sequel of
“ my narrative,” cried the Countess, “ and amuse
“ ourselves with more pleasing reflections ; it has af-
“ fected you.”

“ I am, indeed, Madam,” returned de Verney,
“ involved in many new and unpleasing ideas. I
“ can hardly imagine a man who can derive pleasure
“ from destroying it in another.”

“ Your mind, I am sure, de Verney,” returned the
Countess, “ resists the idea ; but you are not aware
“ how much the simple laws of nature and truth are
“ dispensed with in the refinements of modern ages.
“ It would take some time to find the virtues of a man
“ surrounded with pleasures, he himself is a stranger
“ to them. Custom is too generally a law that pre-
“ scribes false and dangerous ideas. Thus men de-
“ light in being ingenious enough to deceive another
“ less guarded than themselves, and admire the dan-
“ gers of intrigue. Thus we encourage pride, glory
“ in war, and exult in oppression.

“ Gallantry is derived from directly contrary mo-
“ tives ; it implies protection, gentleness, courage,
“ love, and honour. The sword of gallantry was
“ never drawn but in the cause of virtue : gallantry
“ is sworn to resist oppression, arrest the hand of the
“ despoiler, and protect the weak ; it is full of every
“ heavenly attribute, and is justly superior.

“ The passion of seduction proceeds from the de-
“ fire men have of being thought to possess superior
“ attractions ; and as their success with women is
“ the only way to stamp the character, they are led
“ to attain the reputation, even by the ruin and dis-
“ tress of the objects they affect to love. Heavens !
“ how dear is that admiration bought which plunges
“ in misery a fellow creature ! Let us a moment
“ forget the accomplished seducer, and turn to the sad
“ lovely victim of his cruelty. Let us imagine her
“ for a moment a sister. Surely the false medium
“ in which we have viewed the seeming brilliant con-
“ quests of her betrayer will be destroyed, and the
“ mind be awakened to more just and generous
“ ideas.”

The

The young Count, who had dwelt with admiration on every syllable the charming *Constance* uttered, would have listened with pleasure much longer to such a pleasing conversation, had not evening begun to draw her silky veil of partial darkness over the face of nature. *De Verney* rose, and after receiving the blessings of safety and happiness from the lips of the gentle *Constance*, conveyed with alternate kisses, retired to the castle, when he was received by *Jacinthe* with the same pleasantness as before.

The Abbé continued ill, and the next day, after some little time spent in the study, *de Verney* again wandered to the seat of the Countess de Clermont.

The fair *Constance* was in her room when *de Verney* was announced, to which place he was, however, admitted. She had on only a thin wrapper, her bosom almost uncovered, proudly shewed the most voluptuous luxuriance of form, and a firmness of flesh scarcely to be equalled.

“ I believe,” cried the Countess, “ you are not
“ sensible how highly favoured you are to be admit-
“ ted to a lady’s bedchamber ; and though the na-

“ tural gaiety and innocent levity of French women
“ admit this liberty, I do assure you there are coun-
“ tries where it is proscribed. In England, the ladies
“ are taught to govern themselves with the most af-
“ fected reserve ; they conceal, with peculiar care,
“ the charms nature has given them, and will hardly
“ permit the least gallantry that may tend to develope
“ them. I do not know whether it is owing to this
“ cause that they have more old maids than in any
“ other country, but they certainly allow of nothing
“ that can lead the imagination to charms which they
“ actually possess in very superior degree.

“ The beauties they have are seldom shewn to ad-
“ vantage ; they are hid under the veil of refined
“ modesty, till they are useless or unnecessary ; when
“ by a proper adjustment of dress, and less reserve,
“ they might have ensured a conquest. The mo-
“ ment a woman is married in that country, (I mean
“ among the middling class of people) she thinks
“ attraction no longer necessary—has no longer the
“ desire to please, and becomes at once the most
slovenly and negligent of human beings.

“ There

“ There is nothing harder to be defined than the
“ terms of modesty, innocence, and shame. Inno-
“ cence is certainly unacquainted with the other two,
“ and the mind never can have a sense of shame, till
“ it has an idea of impropriety. The girl when first
“ told her careless levities are improper or indeco-
“ rous, feels shame: modesty certainly proceeds
“ from a supposed inferiority alone; the blush which
“ is produced by applause or admiration, is modesty:
“ when gross or indelicate words offend, modesty
“ suffers the shock; but the most rapturous ideas con-
“ veyed in a respectful and delicate manner, though
“ they may produce the same appearance upon the
“ female cheek, are heard without pain, perhaps with
“ a concealed pleasure.”

The Countess continued in conversation with de Verney till she had dressed herself for the morning; after which they walked together round the island, when the young Count leading her to a beautiful harbour, nearly inclosed with honey-suckles, and over which the grapes hung in ripe and luxuriant clusters, begged her to continue the history which she had commenced the day before.

The SEQUEL of the HISTORY

OF THE

COUNTESS DE CLERMONT.

“ Both before and after the death of my dear Arriete, the Count de St. Malo had endeavoured to reconcile us to my father, but in vain ; he continued, as I expected, obdurate ; but as I had never experienced from him the kindness of a parent, I felt little from regret.

“ The months had now run on for a series of time, in a continued scene of harmony and pleasure, (the recollection of my Arriete did not so often occur to a mind involved in amusement,) for we had removed to Paris, where we resided during the winter. My Henry was all that I could wish, but the pleasures I enjoyed so fully, were to last only a little time longer.

“ One morning after breakfast, my Henry ordered the carriage to take an airing without the suburbs ;

“suburbs: I had declined attending, from having
“some little devices in painting to finish for our
“room; he had not been gone above an hour, be-
“fore one of the servants returned and informed me
“his master was brought home ill. I flew to his
“chamber, and found him pale and almost breath-
“less; the surgeon who had been procured, in-
“formed me the Count had been wounded, but he
“thought not dangerously. I now felt the severest
“shock I had ever experienced, to a soul involved
“in pleasure and love. How full of horror is the
“scene of calamitous accident!

“I was permitted to see him some few hours af-
“terwards, when I began to entertain myself great
“hopes of his recovery; he appeared quite compo-
“sed and cheerful, and related the particulars of his
“rencontre. It seemed that on the road to St. Cloud
“they met another carriage, and a contention arose
“between the servants, which should turn a little
“out of the way; the Count immediately threw
“down the window, to desire his people to drop
“any distinction; but my generous Henry, on re-
“cognizing the face of Guillaume de Rochelle,
“cried out, Go on, I wave my rank, but you shall

“ not make way for a rascal. On these words, de
“ Guillaume alighted, and my Henry followed;
“ they walked a little distance into an adjoining
“ field. The remonstrances the Count used, were
“ only answered with insult; he mentioned the name
“ of Arriete, but the history of her sufferings had
“ no charm to hold the arm of the impetuous Guil-
“ laume, who now, in addition to his former inju-
“ ries, raised it against his friend.

“ I imagine at this moment my charming Henry
“ engaged in revenging the death of Arriete, but the
“ skill of de Guillaume rendered him invulnerable,
“ and after a few thrusts, the generous de St. Malo
“ fell, and was conveyed to his chariot without any
“ signs of life.

“ The Count continued some days in a way that
“ gave us great hopes, but a fever at last came on,
“ which baffled all the arts of medicine, and my
“ Henry died in my arms; the first, the bravest,
“ and the most generous of men.—Thus did the
“ cruel Guillaume add another trophy to his inhu-
“ man achievements.

“ Revenge

“ Revenge at first entirely occupied my thoughts,
“ which soon gave place to the softer influences of
“ grief. I determined to pass the rest of my days in
“ a convent ; but I must own, de Verney, my
“ heart presently informed me it would not resign
“ the pleasures and gaieties of life ; the glass of
“ truth informed me the beauties I possessed had
“ scarcely attained their perfection. Possessed of
“ susceptible and social ideas, I grew weary of re-
“ tirement, and longed to renew again the sweets of
“ society and friendship ; and though the Count had
“ left me a large fortune, I found myself incapable
“ of enjoying it.

“ I hope, however, my sorrow was as sincere as
“ that of many who could have given it a longer sem-
“ blance ; I mourned incessantly for some time the
“ loss of my Henry, and raised a little monument
“ to his memory, next to that of the gentle
“ Arriete.

“ After two years spent in the most melancholy
“ reflections, I received a letter from my father, as-
“ suring me of his forgiveness, if I would even then
“ accept the offer of his friend.

“ I can-

“ I cannot deny but I felt some idea of pleasure
“ at the thought of being reconciled to my friends ;
“ and as for a marriage with any one after my Henry,
“ I considered as merely an affair of interest, and
“ which I should only consummate with indifference,
“ which, together with the idea of magnificence and
“ luxury the situation of the Governor of Pondi-
“ cherry afforded me, weighed down every confide-
“ ration.

“ My father, who had received me with open
“ arms, prepared with rapture for my departure,
“ and in about two months I embarked for the East-
“ Indies. My voyage contained scarce any thing
“ remarkable, the change was, however, very fa-
“ vourable to my mind, in lessening the deepness
“ of reflection.

“ When we arrived at Pondicherry, I was con-
“ veyed in a palanquin surrounded by slaves to the
“ Governor’s house. I had scarcely any former re-
“ collection of the Count de Clermont left, and now
“ beheld a little old decrepid man for my husband,
“ but sumptuously arrayed. According to the custom
“ of the country we were married in a few days,
“ without

“ without any passion whatever having a share in
“ the business.

“ My husband, whose life had been passed in the
“ camp, possessed little more than a set of military
“ ideas, and was incapable of enjoying a refined
“ or fashionable conversation ; I was, however,
“ very little troubled with his company : he admi-
“ red me exceedingly as a woman, and always ex-
“ pressed himself enraptured with my person ; but
“ his age and disposition rendered it impossible for
“ him to contribute even to the pleasures of so-
“ ciety.

“ India was, above every other country, best suited
“ to the soft voluptuousness of my mind ; the warmth
“ of the climate—the mild and scented zephyrs of the
“ evenings—the enchanting gardens—together with
“ the spontaneous beauties of nature it contains,
“ fostered and encouraged the luxuriance of ideas
“ which I was always so fond to indulge.

“ I am sorry, de Verney,” continued the Countess,
“ I cannot pass over a part of my narrative,
“ which will shew the imbecility and weakness of a
“ woman’s

“ woman’s heart, and which offended those laws
“ which the wisdom of centuries have imposed.

“ I was one evening seated in my garden at work ;
“ the sun had set, and left behind a soft voluptuous
“ heat, which affected me so much, that I sunk
“ into a languor the most delightful I ever felt ; I be-
“ came fascinated with the objects round me, and
“ my mind was at once involved in all the ideas of
“ enchantment and Arabian fiction.

“ As I was in this reverie, I heard some sweet
“ soft sounds at a distance, which I knew were not
“ European ; I listened with great attention ; the
“ voice appeared to come nearer to me. I became
“ delighted with the harmony, and my bosom thrill-
“ led with an unknown ecstasy.

“ In a few minutes I perceived from between the
“ trees a tall graceful youth, who, from his dress,
“ I knew to be a Bramin ; as soon as he saw me,
“ he bowed, and with all the peculiar elegance and
“ ease of an East Indian, asked me, in French, if
“ he could see the Count de Clermont, he had a
“ letter

“ letter to present on business; I answered, no,
“ merely to produce farther inquiries.

“ I begged him to come into the saloon, where I
“ was seated, which was lighted with various co-
“ loured lamps; I became at once fascinated with
“ the beauty and address of the charming Kistnar,
“ while he, lost in thought, seemed to devour my
“ whole person with an eye of love and rapture.

“ No moment can be more dangerous than that
“ when the eyes mingling love together, produce
“ a reciprocity of wishes which discretion cannot
“ even conceal.

“ I invited my young stranger to take some re-
“ freshment, which was placed for my supper in the
“ saloon, and was astonished to find that he com-
“ plied with my request, contrary to the strict laws
“ of his religion. I found him in his conversation
“ agreeable and entertaining; he informed me he
“ was resident at the settlement, and had obtained
“ some knowledge of the French language, from
“ mercantile concerns, in which his father was en-
“ gaged. That having a letter to deliver to the Go-
“ vernor,

“ verner, he had entered at the garden gate (which
“ was kept by an old man he knew) to indulge
“ himself in a pleasant walk through the groves to
“ the house.

“ China Kistnar was possessed of every pleasing
“ accomplishment ; I could not help, among other
“ things, desiring him to sing to me ; he com-
“ plied, and though it was in a language I did not
“ very well understand, I felt the subject was love.
“ The soft and musical cadences involved my heart
“ in the most voluptuous languor ; I leaned back on
“ my sofa, fascinated by the magic sounds I
“ listened to, and forgot every other consideration
“ but pleasure ; thus entranced, I permitted the ena-
“ moured Indian to snatch a thousand kisses from
“ my lips, nor rejected still bolder liberties, which,
“ while they offended, pleased.

“ I was led involuntarily to make another assigna-
“ tion with the charming Indian ; he came in the
“ next evening the same way as before, and found
“ me in the saloon.

“ I had,

“ I had, indeed, recollected the danger in which
“ my honour was placed from such an intrigue, but
“ soon did away the objections on the ground of be-
“ ing resolved to indulge only the pleasures of a Pla-
“ tonic affection. Thus love having acquired a place
“ in my heart, stole on imperceptibly to despotism.
“ I began to examine into the justness of those laws
“ which condemned me to the arms of age and im-
“ becility ; I could find no generous or noble princi-
“ ple in the breast of the Count de Clermont to ac-
“ cuse me of the crime of ingratitude. My hus-
“ band, old as he was, indulged himself with
“ two or three mistresses, besides keeping a number
“ of dancing girls, and thus had weakened those ties
“ of esteem which are alone capable of keeping the
“ heart to its alliance.

“ A more generous idea would, however, have
“ preserved me, had not the disposition of the mo-
“ ment have completed a victory over an unguarded
“ heart ; the remembrance of my St. Malo ; but
“ I had permitted the firm resolutions of esteem and
“ love to be relaxed, in a submission to marry age
“ and infirmity ; and thus having broken in upon
“ laws it would have done me honour to keep, I con-

“sidered a farther infringement only a natural consequence of the first.

“The most dangerous situation of the heart is, when it becomes equipoised between a good and bad intention, the smallest inclination turns the scale, and gives it up to vice, infamy, and disgrace, or raises it to honour and virtue. Since we are governed by whatever passion is uppermost, we should endeavour to check the very first impulse of evil.

“One evening, after my mind had been employed in philosophical reflections upon the laws and obligations which policy and custom have framed, (a dangerous subject) and softened with the indulgence of that delightful indolence the mind gives way to, when involved only in pleasing ideas, my Kistnar ascended the steps of the saloon, my heart beat as convitious of its danger. My dress, which had from the heat of the day been put on with peculiar negligence, favoured the emboldened approaches of the enamoured Indian. He seated himself next me ; those advances which are not of consequence enough to meet anger or repulse,

“repulse were permitted. I found myself seized
“with that delirium of pleasure which allows still
“greater liberties, without knowing it ; my young
“Indian, informed of his victory, with all the fire
“of his country seized me in his arms.—It was
“too late for *Constante* to resist.

“I had frequent visits from the generous *Kisnar*
“afterwards, and our intrigue was carried on with
“so much discretion and honour on his side, that
“it was never discovered.

“Thus we escaped those dangerous and disagree-
“able consequences which usually attend illicit
“amours ; but my heart could not be easy under
“the circumstances of its guilt. There is some
“secret principle in the soul that generously resists
“as long as possible a bad intention, and sinks
“into despondency at the completion of the
“crime.

“It is seldom that the consequences of adultery
“are not fatal ; nothing more effectually destroys
“the peace of mind, and poisons every source of
“pleasure, than this crime ; it is at once a stab to

“ domestic happiness, reputation, and honour ;
“ its ruin extends through whole families, and its
“ effects destroy the peace of many. The husband,
“ if possessed of a sensible mind, is bereft of every
“ comfort, and in his ungenerous consort loses, per-
“ haps, all he valued most, a wife, a companion, a
“ friend—but if affectionate, distractions follow.

“ If there are children, to them also the fatal ef-
“ fects are transferred ; their innocent smiles are
“ no longer regarded with pleasure ; the tie that held
“ them is dissolved ; the contract on which their af-
“ finity subsisted is broken ; the mother dare not
“ own them ; the father suffers a torment of reflec-
“ tion in the midst of his caresses ; and the child
“ seems at a loss where to look for protection and
“ support.

“ The seducer exults only in a short triumph ; if
“ his heart retains a principle of virtue, he looks
“ with horror at the time when he effected the ac-
“ complishment of his wishes ; he reviews the situ-
“ ation in which things were before, and finds a
“ whole family rendered miserable ; he remembers
“ every hospitable reception he had received ; nu-
“ merous

“merous instances of friendship ; a thousand little
“kindnesses present themselves to his recollection ;
“he is accused in turn by all the virtues of the hu-
“man breast, and the sentence they pronounce is
“continued remorse.

“The woman suffers all this, and since her crime
“offends virtue in a higher degree, her sentence is
“more severe.

“Thus has Heaven pronounced her honest ven-
“geance on adultery ; unlike any other crime, its
“effects are irreparable—there is no act can re-
“move the consequences of conjugal infidelity.

“My dear de Verney,” continued the Countess,
“in all the little intrigues and gallantries into which
“you will necessarily be led, shun this fatal crime,
“tear not the tie of love that holds the breast of
“fidelity, do not dissever the bands of affection, or
“spread a lasting sorrow over charms which you
“might have respected and preserved. It is here to
“your interest to be virtuous.

“ If I have escaped myself without the dreadful
“ consequences I have mentioned, it was only be-
“ cause the ties I broke were weak and few ; but I
“ have not been guilty without purchasing the pain
“ of dishonour.”

It was in this way the charming *Constante* enforced the principles of real virtue in the mind of the young Count, giving liberty to those passions which the soul is most fond of indulging, but at the same time preserving them from an indiscreet or dangerous inclination.

“ The Count de Clermont,” continued the fair *Constante*, “ had now determined upon returning
“ to France, and though the regret first possessed my
“ mind at the thoughts of parting with my young
“ Indian, it was considerably lessened by that satisfaction which the mind feels at having opportunity to give up a bad or dangerous connection.

“ My husband died on our passage to France, and
“ I now found myself possessed of a most splendid
“ fortune ; I resolved immediately on my arrival to
“ retire to my favourite seat at Montargis, and there
“ to

“ to indulge myself in those amusements and occupations in which I most delighted, such as music, poetry, and painting, which agreeable plan of life I have been enabled to pursue ever since.”

End of the History of the Countess de Clermont.

“ And surely, Madam,” cried the young Count de Verney, “ you could not have found it easy to resign all the pleasing varieties and amusements of life ?”

“ I must own,” returned the Countess, “ my heart would willingly be again involved in pleasure, and in all the gaieties of the world, and is as susceptible as ever of soft and dangerous ideas, but I cautiously preserve myself from those circumstances which lead to them ; I shun Paris as much as possible, and am perfectly satisfied with the pleasure my retreat affords me.”

The Countess and the young de Verney now walked for the first time beyond the borders of the wood, till they came in sight of the house of the old Abbé, when de Constante thought it most prudent to return.

For some weeks longer the Count de Verney continued his visit to the fair Constance de Clermont, but an accident happened which presently deranged the agreeable system he indulged. News arrived at Montargis of the death of the old Count de Verney, with letters to the Abbé to attend her pupil to Paris as soon as things would admit.

Charpointe had only to obey, and the young Count now felt a new sensation which was not near so pleasing as what he had formed in imagination. The change from restraint to liberty is not long agreeable to the human mind. Restraint is a circle described by the hand of wisdom or affection, while liberty exposes us to mistake and danger.

De Verney knew not what to do ; his banishment had been mixed with a sweet source of pleasure, which would now most likely cease, and he found his mind involved in confused and mixed ideas of the change he was about to experience.

Time would not permit de Verney to conceal any longer from the Countess the change which had taken place in his situation, and he set out one morning with

with a resolution to inform her on a subject which would involve them both in equal regret.

The morning had assumed few of the charms of summer ; a sadness seemed gathered round the island *d'Amour* ; the clouds being low, and a small rain descended on the leaves and flowers ; the birds fluttered only from one branch to another, and scarce any other sound was heard, excepting the trickling of the rain, which the wind disturbed from the boughs of the trees.

The Countess de Clermont heard the news with a concern that finely portrayed regret and disappointment ; she, however, endeavoured to get the better of the lowness of spirits which governed her disposition, and represented as a consolation to de Verney, that they had yet another week to be together.

The sun began now to break from the western sky, and to throw her golden mantle over the fields and plains, while nature seemed to smile at the unexpected visit Phœbus paid her.

The Countess de Clermont felt the change, and recalling that brilliancy and wit which scarce ever fled for a moment, turned the event in which they were involved to a pleasing consequence, and anticipated the pleasures of correspondence, and of those periods when they might meet each other at Paris.

“ You are now, my young friend,” said the Countess, “ about to enter into the scenes of dissipation and folly, which I have described. You will soon realize what your imagination has formed of gallantry and intrigue ; your heart will palpitate with successive pleasure and amusements, and engaged in novelty, will, at times, scarcely permit intrusion from reflection on virtue. But the principles which cease to actuate, will not be destroyed, they shall still resist dishonour, and reject ingratitude or inhumanity.

“ Yes, de Verney,” continued the Countess, “ you are destined to be the favourite of women, and possessed of that sovereignty, you will find every conquest easy ; and if you will attend to my instructions, shall rise superior to the rank and fashion which will necessarily oppose you. I have
“ selected

“ selected for you a few maxims, formed from ob-
“ servation and experience, and agreeable to philoso-
“ phy and truth ; you will from those discover how
“ easy an access it is to a woman’s heart. I have
“ before warned you against the dangers and dissipa-
“ tion which attends illicit love : you will find num-
“ bers of the fairest women in Paris eagerly devoted
“ to intrigue ; you will not want business or amuse-
“ ment, but do not draw innocence or virtue into
“ the entanglements of your designs ; let the peace-
“ ful bosom rest, and the soul of gratitude and ho-
“ nour be secure in the virtue it possesses.

“ Avoid, my dear de Verney, as the most dange-
“ rous of any thing, the company of low and shame-
“ less women, the objects of sensuality alone, and
“ in whose polluted arms disease and infamy are
“ only to be found. Assume the rake and debau-
“ chee if you will, but let it only be in exterior, the
“ real character is destructive at once to gallantry
“ and love. Remember, de Verney, how superior
“ must the man be, who, in the midst of all his
“ pleasures, has preserved uninjured health, and a
“ mind void of all regret or remorse.”

Thus

Thus did the Countess de Clermont, with the affection of a mother, pourtray the character of a man of gallantry, as it really is ; and not as the prejudices of mind, who delight to err, and who wish for such a precedent, have unjustly pictured it.

The Countess now drew from her some small leaves, in Morocco binding, lettered at the back ; the title was, *Maxims of Gallantry*.

“ I present you,” said the fair *Constance* to *de Verney*, “ with some dangerous secrets, do not
“ make an ungenerous use of them ; remember the
“ Epicurean principle of human felicity is peace of
“ mind, and that health is the second happiness of
“ life, both of which will become poisoned by a
“ vicious or low pursuit after pleasure. Gross sensuality destroys the gratification which it seeks,
“ and vice subtracts a great deal more from contentment than transitory enjoyment can bestow.

“ Study them,” cried the Countess, holding the book in her hand, “ as maxims which will afford
“ some pleasure and amusement in the gay scenes
“ of dissipation in which you will be involved ; but
“ remem-

“remember, when they are made to act against virtue or innocence, they act also against yourself, and the pleasure which you seek.”

The young Count now took his leave of the fair Constante, and returned to the castle, where he had presently an opportunity to look over the little volume she had given him.

MAXIMS OF GALLANTRY,

“An agreeable figure, a countenance expressive of the noble and gentle passions, an air of gallantry, and a love of pleasure, are certain recommendations to a woman’s heart.”

“Gallantry is a much more pleasing passion than love. Love is the desire of possessing entirely the object of admiration, frequently against reason, interest, and common sense: gallantry is a general love for women, and has the pleasure of wandering over a thousand beauties, and being involved in a number of agreeable incidents, constancy cannot afford.”

“Gal-

“Gallantry is *le petit jeu de l’amour*, where so little is lost or won, that each party is delighted with his play.”

“Gallantry (as also is love) is derived from the third law of nature.”

“Gallantry elicits pleasure from a thousand little incidents, gross sensuality could not enjoy.”

“Gallantry is not dangerous to the morals; it allows pleasures which are innocent in themselves, and sufficiently agreeable to make us scarcely at all desirous of extending them to vicious extremes.”

“Gallantry changes to esteem in the married state, and enjoys the most pleasing recollections of any in the mind.”

“A man of gallantry may convey to the imagination of his mistress all the voluptuous images of love, without once offending her with indelicacy or obscenity.”

“ A woman always listens with pleasure to that sort of double entendre, which she is not obliged to be offended at, however significant.”

“ The eyes are the best auxiliaries in love, and frequently come into action when you cannot make use of other advantages.”

“ Flattery may sometimes fail, but the eye which dwells with rapture on the personal charms of a woman, speaks a language more sincere.”

“ There are certain opportunities when gallantry may go much farther than at another moment, and certain words that lead to the indulgence. Madame S—— could not resist the man who told her her lips were made for kisses.”

“ A woman easily pardons the man who transgresses from love or admiration, perhaps from the fear that punishment would prevent another crime.”

“ A man of gallantry should bring his eyes to so nice a management, as to be able to express any passion he pleases.”

“ A gal-

“ A gallant man turns every little incident to advantage, and makes use of every opportunity to display either his figure, wit, or courage.”

“ Ill nature, unless attended with great abilities, or wit, can never succeed with women, nor even then to a great degree of attachment.”

“ The most favourable opportunities of any for a man are those where they become accidentally in possession of those secrets which form the only defence of reserve. Musidora yielded much sooner than she would have done, had not Damon seen her bathing ; and the Countess de L—— could not refuse the man who politely whispered his chamber was so situated, he must have seen her go to bed the preceding night, had he not shut his eyes.”

“ An accident which throws a woman into those little embarrassments which occasion a blush, is always favourable to a man of gallantry, since it affords him an opportunity to convince her of his secrecy and discretion : the braggart insures a lasting and just resentment.”

“ Super-

“ Superficial qualifications are the most necessary with women ; their levity does not permit them to inquire whether their conclusions are right or wrong.”

“ The pleasure of being admired, often makes a fine woman accused of a degree of immodesty in her dress, while the modesty of an ugly one is only a character obtained from a degree of caution to conceal defect.”

“ Love, according to Hobbes, is a passion for one singularly, with the desire of being singularly beloved.”

“ Inconstancy is general love, and ceases whenever it finds qualities enough in one object to wander over alternately without being tired.”

“ Convenience, and the nicely interwoven bonds of reciprocal interests and weaknesses, form the ties of the married state, which, when they cease to exist between persons who live together without marriage, a separation is the only consequence ; but if married, a lasting hatred.”

“ Gal,

“ Gallantry is the most dangerous medium through which a man of address can convey the language of seduction.”

“ Love is derived from the third and fourth laws of nature, together with the sympathy of minds, or rather that sort of affinity where the little contrarities of the passions mutually blend and form alliance with each other.”

“ Gross sensualities are the very dregs of pleasure.”

“ Women are extremely fond of complacency and attention, when the lover has ingenuity enough to make it appear as the effect of their beauty or wit alone, without a desire of shewing his own address.”

“ A man of gallantry ought always to have a little collection of subjects and repartees in his mind ready to play off at his first introduction to a woman; however absurd, they will lead to something better, and prevent that dangerous chasm which gives her time to form unfavourable conclusions.”

“ There

“ There is a necessary arrangement to be given to the eyes in the first advances to a woman's heart, a certain complacency which informs her she is the object of your admiration, and a voluptuousness of expression, which tells her you can love.”

“ The eyes are at liberty to speak a language which could not be translated *verbatim et literatim*. They may wander over all the personal charms of a woman without a crime.—She cannot tell you to stop, every glance is adoration.”

“ Women seldom resent what they term audacity, when the presence of a third person does not compel them to it.”

“ Innocence is always immodest. When we are first acquainted such and such things are wrong, without knowing why we blush, if accident exposes us to them; this is modesty. But when we learn how to estimate or judge of propriety, it becomes reserve, or rather discretion. Innocence is immodest from knowing nothing of the laws of civil society; and impudence is the consequence of holding those laws in contempt”.

G

“ There

“ There are two sorts of repulses to be met with from a woman ; that of dislike, which is almost always unconquerable, and that of discretion, which may almost always be overcome.”

“ The most negative appearance for a man of gallantry is, when he meets with a woman who carries a constant reserve about her. It is not, however, so in effect, he has only to watch an opportunity of destroying it by some little accident which will throw her off her guard ; once disordered in her arrangements, she loses ground immediately. The Countess de Choiseulle, who was one of the greatest devotees in France, and who had held at a sovereign distance the favoured Chevalier St. Preux, was one day accidentally seated next to her friend Madame du Foi. St. Preux, who was on the right-hand, rested his hand on the knee of Madame du Foi. The Countess, lost *dans les idées religieuses*, was led to the same disposition, and with a design of taking the hand of du Foi, actually took that of the Chevalier. The effect was fine, the Chevalier pressed that of the Countess, while she returned the pressure, which sort of badinage was continued till du Foi with great pleasantry informed her of the mistake. The reserve
of

of de Choiseulle was at an end ; she blushed, permitted the Chevalier to take the ransom for which only he would surrender his prisoner, and soon became pleased with the accident that relieved her from a restless and unnecessary discretion."

" In the seduction of innocence, all the pleasures of gallantry are evaded or destroyed."

" It is from women only that men can learn what will succeed with women."

" A judicious pursuit of pleasure will have only agreeable consequences ; the satisfaction of the mind is necessary to the true gratification of the senses."

" We should learn to elicit pleasure wherever it is to be found, nor wantonly seek for it where it contains a poison. The bee only tastes the sweetest flowers of the garden and the hedge, and avoids the hemlock and the nightshade."

" It so happens that the dissatisfaction we cause in others, is mostly unpleasant to ourselves : envy or malice is always miserable and discontented."

“ An attention to dress and fashion is absolutely necessary to success with women.”

“ The wit and volatility of a superficial education will succeed better with women than great learning and soundness of judgement.”

“ The man distinguished for the brilliant virtues, such as great generosity, honour, courage, &c. is more likely to meet the regard of women, than real worth, and meekness of disposition.”

“ It is ridiculous for men to run into the danger of low or illicit intrigue, when there are so many pleasing arrangements to be made, unattended with such consequences.”

The day for the departure of de Verney from Montargis being now determined on, he had only time to make one more visit to the Island of Love; the Countess received him with a dejection that anticipated the news of his journey, and expressed all the anxiety and regret of a tender and susceptible bosom,

bosom, subjected to the pain of a separation. She disguised, however, as much as possible her feelings, and with a smile missed the sympathy which would else have governed the heart of de Verney.

The young Count retained the hand of *Constance* by a sort of magic, and he would perhaps have permitted the necessary time of his return to have been considerably past, had not *Madame Ross*, *fille de chambre* to the Countess, broke in upon their conversation, in which incident she was instructed by her mistress.

“Go” said the Countess de Clermonte, taking leave of de Verney, “enter the round of pleasure
“that awaits you; be discreet and happy; you
“will sometimes recollect the hours you have passed
“in my retreat; the first impressions the mind receives of love and esteem are the strongest. Yes,
“de Verney, you may adore *Clarinda*, sigh for *Lavinia*, and burn for *Magdalene*, but *Constance*
“will be still remembered.”

After an adieu, the most unwilling, perhaps, of any that was ever pronounced, de Verney wandered

back to the castle, eager for any change which could relieve him from the pain of reflection.

The Abbé Charpointe set out the same evening with his pupil, and arrived in Paris the next day. De Verney was received by the Countess his mother with the strongest demonstrations of joy. The young Count became presently engaged in new scenes of amusement and curiosity, though his mind, when unemployed, always retired for pleasing ideas à l'*Isle d'Amour*.

Some few months were passed in the education which was requisite to be given the young Count, previous to his introduction into fashion. The Countess had provided masters to teach him in music, dancing, and those other accomplishments, a superficial knowledge of which was necessary for him to appear to advantage in the circles in which he was born to move, and in which he had soon an opportunity of making an essay.

The Countess had invited a select party of friends to a private assembly at her seat near Marli, about four miles from Paris. Some who were not the

“ most

most reserved, were included by that lady, “to put “into fashion” her favourite son, for she dreaded the inclinations of bashfulness, which make a young mind seek the object of pleasure among low and wretched connections,

De Verney awaited the approaching evening with a beating heart, anxiously desirous of tasting the pleasures it would bring, and yet fearful of incidental disagreeables from his timidity and ignorance.

The night, however, arrived, the company were brilliant. De Verney was dressed to advantage; the Countess, with a conscious elation, presented her son to all her friends, who received him as a new acquisition to their party. The women could not but be struck with the elegance of his person, his natural ease, and the politeness and sensibility he expressed in his words towards them: the men, the less ready to approve, remained silent, a sufficient affirmative to merit.

Among the most beautiful of the women were the Countess de Joigny, Madame d'Almont, and Mademoiselle Magdelene de Choicy, and Madame la Croix.

The Countess de Joigny was, however, the first in the rank of beauty ; this lady was about six feet in height, and perfectly proportioned ; her eyes spoke a dignity and superiority of mind ; her expressive features were softened by a complexion where the rose was exquisitely blended with the lily ; her white and fine-formed bosom was too luxuriant a place for even the pencil of a Guido to have described, and with a proud elation, beat the surrounding muslin that enveloped its beauties ; her hair was a beautiful light brown, her teeth the most polished white, and her whole figure a model of symmetry and elegance.

Madame d'Almont was of the middle size, her person embonpoint ; she was dressed in a sprigged muslin ; her bosom, which was more exposed than custom in general permits, was of a firmness and whiteness of colour that was unequalled. A locket hung from her neck, which induced the accidental touch of curiosity ; her eyes contained a most voluptuous meaning, and seemed to be most faithful organs of the favourite passion of her soul. Madame d'Almont was married to one of the counsellors of Paris ; and though the voice of rumour had
whif-

whispered her intrigues and imprudences pretty often, it had not yet spoke so loud as to exclude her from the ranks of fashion, into which she was by birth entitled to move.

Mademoiselle Magdelene de Choicy, who was accompanied by her aunt, was above the middle size; the most sweet and melancholy complacency was observable in her countenance; her eyes spoke a tenderness of soul that expressed all the softness of love; her hair brown and long; her teeth were white, while her soft and red lips were voluptuously formed for the kisses nature meant them to receive; her complexion was exceeding fair, and her cheek only tinged with the palest colour of the rose.

Madame la Croix only remains to be mentioned. This lady, though not handsome, ranked high in fashionable esteem; her person was above the common size; her eyes shone with a fluid that contained the most brilliant expressions of vivacity and wit; her figure the most graceful and genteel; her complexion brown, and her manner careless and nonchalant. She was admirably acquainted with the art of attraction, permitted a great deal on ba-

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diner,

diner, and engaged to herself, when she pleased, the most accomplished and successful adepts in intrigue ; her wit was celebrated in the circles of science, and fashion and she possessed the power of deciding on the merits of every new pupil in the school of gallantry.

Among the men, were the Marquis d'Alface, the Marquis de Poignard, the Count de St. Louis, and Chevalier Guillaume de Rochelle,

The Marquis d'Alface ranked high among *des beaux esprits* ; his personal elegancies were many ; his figure, though not tall, was genteel and agreeable ; his face handsome ; his eyes expressive of any passion he wished to put in play : he had besides a persuasive manner with women that seldom failed ; he had the art of conveying, without offence, the most dangerous ideas ; always among women, he was a favourite with them ; he possessed and deserved their confidence ; his talent and satire was only directed against vice and folly, and his good nature protected (even from himself) the ingenious and timid.

The

The next was the Marquis de Poignard, a celebrated old debauchée, famous for the number of intrigues in which his youth had been engaged, at which time he was very handsome and accomplished, and for an acrid and malignant wit which he possessed, his decision stamp at once the characters of beauty, taste, or fashion ; all who would wish for success in the circles of higher rank, must first find a patron in him. No man was ever more courted and more hated, more flattered and more despised, than the old Marquis de Poignard,

The Count de St. Louis was a character not less distinguished, tho' gay, volatile, and inconsistent. This young nobleman possessed great natural goodness of heart ; he never gave a moment to reflection for himself, though pity often awakened it in another's cause ; his sword had been drawn for his country, his friend, and his mistress. St. Louis had been eminently successful among the women, and was established in that sort of rank gallantry always gives.

Chevalier Guillaume de Rochelle was, however, the character which most attracted the notice of de Verney ;

Verney ; the Chevalier was in point of figure the finest man in the rooms, tall, manly, and majestic ; he moved with that ease of deportment and *air imposant*, which is sure to strike and be admired, while his pride and ferocity seemed to awe the timid voice of truth from speaking of his deformities.

After an evening passed in the ordinary amusements of music, dancing, cards, &c. the company retired to a saloon in the garden, where an elegant supper was provided. The Count had, during the time of dancing, held the hand of the lovely Magdelene, as his partner, by the permission of her aunt, the Countess de Choicy, and had now seated himself next her at the table,

The conversation was brilliant, the Countess de Joigny and la Croix entered into all the spirit of wit and raillery, while Madame d'Almont indulged a softer language, mixed with the most significant double *entendre*.

Poor Magdelene alone remained silent, her eyes constantly turned to the ground, fearful of meeting
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the censure of the Countess de Choicy, or that adulation from others which would have exposed her to unjust severity.

Among the men, St. Louis was the most conspicuous; the brilliancy of his imagination afforded every instant a new subject for wit, *equivoque*, or ingenious observation.

De Verney was not silent, he had already obtained the particular notice of the old Marquis de Poignard, who exclaimed in rapture (after a reply the young Count had made to Madame la Croix) "*Un autre des mes enfans.*" The Marquis d'Alsace seemed also much interested in his favour, but the young Count de St. Louis, directed by a certain sympathy of mind, already engaged himself in the confidence of de Verney, by the most lively demonstration of friendship.

The young de Verney, during the time of supper, paid every possible attention to the beautiful Magdeline, who answered all he said with a sort of forced reserve, attended with a smile that expressed the finest susceptibility and goodness of disposition. De Verney,

ney, however, observed, that when the Count de St. Louis was speaking on any subject, the ear of the gentle de Choicy immediately caught the sound, while her fine eyes beamed with satisfaction and delight. St. Louis had not, however, the same success with her aunt, who seemed pleased to oppose to his wishes so formidable a rival as the young Count de Verney promised to present.

After supper the company were engaged in attending to a concert in the gardens, which were illuminated for the purpose, and the young de Verney had another opportunity for conversation with Magdelene; they walked towards the orchestra, but the music not having begun, they wandered through some of the adjoining walks. The evening was beautiful, the Count had seated himself next de Choicy, on a seat, situated between a shrubbery of roses, mixed with the honey-suckle. De Verney held the hand of the charming Magdelene, whose innocence permitted the gentle dalliance, without the least reserve; she seemed to trust herself to him, with an assurance of safety and protection.

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The Count availed himself of a conversation of which the severity and ill temper of the Countess de Choicy was the subject, and in which the artless Magdelene laid open all her little difficulties, the tyranny of her aunt, and the severe punishments to which she was exposed from her disposition.

Pity is the most pleasing of all sensations to a victim, and the most dangerous ideas may be conveyed through the medium of consolation. The Count, as under such impression, kissed the trembling hand of Magdelene, who could not refuse so small a tribute to confidence and esteem. She, however, withdrew it from him, ingeniously leading him to a conversation on the company they had left. She inquired what he thought of the Countess de Joigny, la Croix, Madame d'Almont, the two Marquis's, and Guillaume, which last gentleman, she informed de Verney, had insinuated himself, from his family and fortune, into the good opinion of her aunt. The young Count gave his opinion freely, and not much to the advantage of de Guillaume. "And what," cried the gentle Magdelene, after a long sigh, "do you think of St. Louis?"—"He is," returned the Count, "the
" most

“most accomplished, the most brilliant, and the
“most agreeable man in the assembly.”—“Do
“you really think so?” cried Magdelene, in a
sweet tone of voice, harmonized by the satisfaction she felt.—“Sincerely,” returned the Count.—
“He is, indeed,” cried Magdelene, the cadence
falling with the sweetness of music, as she uttered
the syllable of praise: “he is,” continued de
Choicy, “brave, generous, and sincere; you will
“be friends, I am sure, sympathy will make the al-
“liance; you are like him in every thing.”

“To deserve your praise, I should endeavour to be
“like him,” cried the Count, recovering the hand
of Magdelene.—“You have, I believe,” cried the
gentle de Choicy, “the same superiority of mind,
“the same brilliancy of ideas, and the same good-
“ness of heart.”—“But I have not,” returned de
Verney, “the same good fortune in pleasing the
“loveliest of human beings.”—“You are mis-
“taken,” replied de Magdelene, with a blush, “if
“there was not a St. Louis, I should know no other
“than de Verney.”

“Curfed

“Curfed be the wretch,” cried de Verney, awakened to honour and generofity by the ingenuous confeffion of de Choicy, “who could difturb for a moment the interefts of that bofom. Though I am myfelf exc’uded (by the attachment you have formed) from the moft pleafing hopes I could have indulged, I cannot, I dare not, cherifh an idea that would deftroy your peace of mind. And though I love you, generofity and efteem fhall check the dangerous paffion in its progrefs to my heart, and de Verney feel proud in the victory that gives him the friendship of St. Louis and Magdelene.”

The gentle de Choicy, who felt now relieved from the embarraffments into which the language of the Count had firft thrown her, gave him her hand. “Then you will be my friend,” cried the beautiful Magdelene to de Verney, leaning towards him in an attitude of fupplication and reliance.—“Yes,” returned the young Count, “you fhall be my fifter, my fifter Magdelene.” In faying this, de Verney dwelt an inflant on the lips of the charming de Choicy, who rather joined in, than permitted fo harmlefs a token of efteem.

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Had,

Had, however, the young Count's object been seduction, he could not have found a better subject to introduce his plan, or a more convenient moment to begin its execution.

The young de Choicy now related the occurrences that had led to her attachment for St. Louis. She informed de Verney that they had become acquainted by accidentally meeting each other in a park adjoining to a country house belonging to the Countess de Choicy; that her aunt found out their correspondence, and totally adverse to the thoughts of an union with the dissipated St. Louis, had confined her to her chamber almost ever since; that the Countess had now two objects in view, either to marry her to the Chevalier Guillaume, or to him (the Count de Verney) from motives of family interest and pride; and that it was by the greatest chance, or with the greatest difficulty, that she could ever receive any letters from St. Louis. Thus, cried the lovely Magdelene, after her little recital, I have frankly owned the situation of my heart; your apparent character, which resembles that of my Henry, and the fear of engaging a new regard, which would have been hard to combat,

have made me thus confident, and I am convinced you will not deceive me. The young Count reassured the timid de Choicy, by every demonstration of affection and esteem, and promised her he would immediately encourage an intimacy with the Count de St. Louis, and at the same time, under the mask of his own pretensions, facilitate the success of his friend,

Madame d'Almont and some more of the company had now entered the walk into which de Verney had strayed with his young friend, Mademoiselle de Choicy, who joined the party she had left.

Madame d'Almont immediately took the arm of de Verney, "*Vraiment*," cried the lovely d'Almont, with a smile, "you have been *tres bien engagé*. "A *promenade de deux* is, I perceive, of all others "the most charming. But I could not have imagined you so ingenious; they informed me you "had been brought up in a castle at Montargis; that "your ideas were as few and uncommon as those "of an Indian savavage; and that you were utterly "a stranger to the impressions of love." — "A

“stranger to love!” returned the Count, “and if it
“were possible, surely the charms the lovely Mag-
“delene possesses, together with the more voluptu-
“ous beauties of Madame d’Almont, must have
“given me the impressions you speak of.”

“You are a little flatterer,” returned the fair
d’Almont, “I must own I had a presentiment in
“your favour; I believe I shall love you; but I
“cannot imagine where you could have learnt the
“language you use. Love is not an easy dialect to
“a novice; it must be because nature meant you
“to speak no other.”

“And because,” replied de Verney, “she meant
“the charming d’Almont to hear nothing else but
“adoration.”

“Excellent,” cried d’Almont, “we must, I
“find, be acquainted: but I am fatigued, *il faut*
“*m’affoir*.” The lovely d’Almont now rested her-
self under an alcove in the walk, and de Verney
next her.

“I ima-

“ I imagined,” cried Madame d’Almont, raising one foot to the seat, in an attitude of elegant *nonchalance*, “ to have seen a young anchorite, a mere non-entity “ in a world of fashionable gallantries, *et mon ami a* “ *tout l’esprit du monde*. I protest I should have been “ afraid to have trusted myself with you, if I had “ known how dangerous you were. Poor Mag- “ delene! I rejoice in having relieved her from “ embarrassment, although I have thrown myself “ into the net.”

“ Such charms,” cried the Count, “ as your- “ self and the lovely Magdelene possess, will ever “ enforce respect and fear.” “ *Eh mon Dieu*,” re- turned the lively d’Almont, “ it is the first time “ I ever heard a woman’s charms made her safe.”— “ Where the only danger is pleasure, it is not of “ much consequence how soon we are involved in “ it,” replied de Verney, drawing the beautiful d’Almont towards him, his arm encircling her waist.

The faintness of the resistance allowed his lips to meet her’s. But the experienced d’Almont was too much skilled in the art of conquest to permit too

much at once ; a moment of favourable suspense, and a sort of affirmative repulse, are the strongest alexipharmics of the passion.

A woman should always take care to inform her lover, by a sweetness of expression, engaging negativeness, that it is not a coldness of heart, or natural insensibility that opposes him.

The conversation became every moment more voluptuous. The young Count could not view the beautiful d'Almont without increased admiration, while she, versed in all the arts of attraction, involved him every moment in some new sensations of rapture or delight : if reluctant at one instant, it was only to permit more the next : if she resisted the kiss, it was only that in bending back to avoid it, she might shew the finest bosom in the world, and where the disappointed de Verney might resort, to complete his wish : or if she affected resentment at the disorder into which he had thrown the muslin which furrounded it, it was only that she might discover still more in the adjustment.

Such

Such was the woman with whom the young de Verney promised to make his first arrangement, but the time they had staid from the company would not permit much more to be said ; an appointment was, however, made for the next evening, and they mixed again among the fashionable crowd they had left, till the night concluded.

Though the young Count had retired to his chamber, not a little fatigued, he found himself too much involved in the incidents of the evening to indulge sleep. The beautiful simplicity and innocence of the lovely Magdelene, and the voluptuous picture which his imagination retained of the charming d'Almont, alternately occupied his thoughts. " Yes," cried the enraptured de Verney, in contemplating the beauties of the first, " the ingenuous, " the unsuspecting Magdelene shall be protected ; " I will preserve her, even from myself ; the max- " ims of the generous Constante shall be attended " to ; the truth of her observations already appear, " and I shall learn from them to distinguish plea- " sure. I am engaged in an affair of gallantry with " the most beautiful of women, with whom I shall " experience all the superior pleasures of intrigue,

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" unmixed

“unmixed with regret, and unattended with danger ;
“and there are many others I have already seen,
“whose charms will be the fair prize of my future
“endeavours.”

The charming Magdelene had been invited to pass a few days with the Countess de Verney, so that the young Count had frequent opportunities of being with her alone ; but the manner of the gentle de Choicy so much engaged esteem, that every offending wish which might at times have arisen in the mind of de Verney, was destroyed.

The young Count had cultivated the most successful intimacy with St. Louis, who had explained the situation of this heart with Mademoiselle de Choicy, in a manner the most honourable and sincere. “I am convinced,” cried the young Count de St. Louis to his friend, “that you must have already
“been sensible of the charms of the gentle Magde-
“lene. I should lament that any circumstance might
“arise to destroy the alliance I wish to form with
“George de Verney, and to prevent a natural en-
“gagement of the heart, which, unguarded, you
“must have fallen into. I must inform you, that
“it

“ it is my determined resolution to obtain the lovely
“ de Choicy. I know she is not averse to my
“ wishes ; though I dread no rival, I dread exceed-
“ ingly the pain of losing a friend.”

“ I must own,” returned de Verney, “ that I
“ feel the impressions you speak of ; I have been
“ sensible to her charms, and have indulged the
“ most dangerous ideas ; but I have received the ge-
“ nerous objection from the mouth of the lovely
“ Magdelene herself, and awakened by the gentle
“ repulse to more noble sentiments, have engaged
“ myself by the most inviolable oaths, to be only the
“ friend of de Choicy and St. Louis.”

“ And did the charming girl,” cried St. Louis,
“ make the ingenuous confession ? But you are not
“ the only one who has been subjected by her in-
“ nocence and purity. When first I knew Mag-
“ delene de Choicy, my mind, involved in plea-
“ sure and intrigue, sought no other gratification
“ than the personal charms of a woman could be-
“ stow : opportunity was favourable, our seats were
“ contiguous, and I had frequent interviews with
“ the lovely Magdelene alone.

“ One

“ One beautiful summer evening I persuaded the
“ gentle de Choicy to wander from the usual place of
“ assignation into a garden belonging to our family.
“ I had disposed things accordingly ; my man had
“ taken care to secure every gate except the one at
“ which we entered, which he was also ready to
“ fasten, when he observed us go in.

“ I engaged her attention to a pavilion in which
“ were some fine pictures, for I intended this place
“ for the completion of my design ; we entered,
“ and I drew the lovely Magdelene to a sofa, which
“ was always placed there. Skilled in the arts of
“ seduction, I practised all those little liberties
“ which are allowed *en badiner*. The gentle de
“ Choicy blushed, but permitted every thing. I
“ grew more and more emboldened by the passion
“ which warmed me, and pursued my wishes to the
“ most indecent heights, till the face of the charm-
“ ing Magdelene became suffused with the most
“ lively red. I found her tremble in my arms ; she
“ appeared at a loss how to act ; her bosom strug-
“ gling with love and indignation. Unable to resist,
“ the lovely girl sunk from the sofa, uttering in
“ broken syllables, ‘ Oh, save my honour,’ and
“ then

“ then fell breathless on the floor. I stood petrified
“ with astonishment and fear. No one was near to
“ help, and called on by the laws of nature to aid the
“ distressed, I could no longer be an enemy. I
“ flew to her assistance ; I opened the door of the
“ pavilion for air, and kneeling next her, spoke
“ only in the language of honour and protection.
“ She recovered, and seizing my hand, exclaimed,
“ My St. Louis, my Henry, oh, save me from
“ myself, my heart is all love ; your Magdelene has
“ not power to resist its force, but she has virtue.’

“ I raised her to the sofa, entreating her to forget
“ her fears. Sure never woman looked so lovely,
“ her eyes glistening with the drops which had filled
“ them, her bosom bare, her hair disheveled, her
“ attitude that of dread and supplication.

“ I had often experienced before a repulse in the
“ moment of victory, but there was always so much
“ management, so much pride, or so much design
“ in them, that they never had power to defeat my
“ intentions. The resistance of the gentle Magde-
“ lene was nature and virtue ; her purity of heart
“ was her protection.

“ The

“ The conclusion was natural, I knelt to the
“ offended girl, ascribed my actions to the madness
“ of love, and entreated her forgiveness : the recon-
“ ciling Magdelene gave me her hand, and forgot all
“ resentment.

“ I have since endeavoured, through the medium
“ of our families, to obtain the hand of the charm-
“ ing de Choicy, but the Countess constantly op-
“ posed my wishes, since it has been known how
“ much my fortune has suffered in the pursuit of my
“ pleasures.”

De Verney, who had attended to the recital of his young friend with much attention, re-assured him of his friendship and assistance, in effecting his designs, though against the inclination of the Countess de Choicy.

The young Count de Verney began now to be involved in pleasure and dissipation. He had engaged, by the recommendation of the old Marquis de Poignard, a valet, who was well versed in the arts of intrigue. Roland was already in business, he
had

had to carry on a secret correspondence for Count St. Louis with Mademoiselle de Choicy ; to seek adventures for de Verney, and to convey *billets doux* to Madame d'Almont, with whom the Count had made some progress. The point of distance had diverged, and the power of repulse was already considerably weakened on her side.

The Count, one day, after a morning passed in the sweet negative conversation of his friend Magdelene de Choicy, made a visit to the charming d'Almont ; he found her alone ; she was, when the Count was announced, reclining on a sofa, in a light summer dress, resembling the naked drapery of the Roman women ; one foot touched the ground, while the other hung in an elegant carelessness of position from the couch, and discovered the most beautiful formed leg perhaps ever seen. Her handkerchief, from the heat of the weather, had received the most voluptuous disarrangement, while the thinness of her attire shewed to advantage the symmetry of her form.

The beautiful d'Almont smiled at the entrance of the young Count, and in the necessary change of
her

her attitude, took all the advantages it gave, of permitting accidental discoveries ; her air, her posture, the voluptuousness of her form, and the soft whiteness of her flesh, would have wakened the torpidity of a monk.

The young Count seated himself next the fair d'Almont. The tea had been just brought in, and de Verney became presently engaged in the most agreeable *tête-à-tête* ; he could not have had a better opportunity, and the Madame d'Almont was so much pleased with the arrangement, that she rung the bell, to give orders to be denied to any person who came.

Amidst the different subjects of conversation, the young Count ingenuously took occasion to mention the personal charms of the charming d'Almont. It is what a woman always expects, and is sure of pleasing : he praised her hand, its shape, and beauty ; he dwelt with rapture on her form and complexion ; and not content with speaking only of unrelative charms, entered into all the heights of description ; and where language dare not consistently speak the figures of his imagination, his eyes

eyes expressed his full meaning.—Madame d'Almont understood him.

After a detail of description, the most voluptuous perhaps ever ventured to be spoke even to a woman. The brilliant and witty d'Almont replied with vivacity in the words of the author :

“ Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too,
 “ Have seen me naked and exposed to view ;
 “ All this I frankly own, without denying,
 “ But where, has this Praxiteles been prying ?”

The enraptured Count, emboldened by the poetical allusions Madame d'Almont had herself made use of, and the little reserve she assumed, seized the advantage she had given him ; and involved in all the ideas of luxuriant imagination, dwelt near the length of a whole paragraph on the lips of the beautiful d'Almont.

* * * * *

Thus ended the closet scene.

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The young Count, in the midst of all his intrigues and gallantry, still sometimes recollected with pain the distance which was placed between him and the charming *Constante*; he frequently thought of the island *d'Amour*, and the pleasures he had experienced at that place; and as he became the more acquainted with the charms and attractions of women, the more he had cause to admire the elegant and superior accomplishment of the Countess de Clermonte; he had not, however, neglected the duties of correspondence, and had frequently the pleasure of receiving packets by the post from Montargis, and among the rest a letter, an answer to one of his on the subject of Mademoiselle de Choicy's attachment for Count St. Louis; which, from the excellent precepts it contains, has been thought worth preserving; it was as follows;

‘ My Dear GEORGE de VERNEY,

‘ I Have been exceedingly interested in your last
‘ letter, and am pleased to find my young pupil has
‘ set out so nobly in the career of gallantry. Poor
‘ Magdelene de Choicy! how much is my heart al-
‘ ready engaged in her happiness. You have, I per-
‘ ceive,

‘ ceive, rightly imagined pleasure, and in generous
‘ and honourable regard to her difficulties and en-
‘ tanglements, have purchased the most pleasing of
‘ all dispositions the mind can enjoy, self-satisfac-
‘ tion, which is never so full and complete as when
‘ it is derived from the having made another happy.
‘ Reflect a moment, had the dangerous inclinations
‘ you at first indulged, been followed and have suc-
‘ ceeded, what would have been the situation of
‘ things now? It would, most likely, have been
‘ this, the gentle Magdelene (who had a few days be-
‘ fore charmed all who knew her, with a gentleness
‘ and sweetness of disposition which one would ima-
‘ gine could not have found an enemy) perhaps dead,
‘ or at least sunk into that fatal despondency of mind
‘ which checks and forbids the smallest impulse of
‘ pleasure. The cheerful sun that enlivens the
‘ breast of innocence and virtue, once set, never rises
‘ again. The generous St. Louis, in whose gallant
‘ and noble mind you will have a place of confidence
‘ and esteem, would have been your determined
‘ enemy; and your own breast, which now feels
‘ the glow and fulness of pleasure, would have la-
‘ boured under that dissatisfaction and remorse which
‘ the active principle of virtue always suffers at the

‘ completion of a crime. It is by effects only, that
‘ the human mind is taught to shun bad actions,
‘ and those effects must be near and positive. It is
‘ in this that the ancient and modern religionists
‘ ere, when they tell us of future punishments of
‘ hell and torments, all of which is at much too great
‘ a distance, too mysterious, and too doubtful for a
‘ bad man till the moment of dissolution to believe.
‘ It would be a much plainer lesson to shew that every
‘ action has, in relation to virtue or vice, consequences
‘ nearly alike That by prudence and industry, we
‘ purchase the common comforts of life, and, perhaps,
‘ competency ; by generosity and honour, self-satis-
‘ faction and the esteem of others ; by temperance,
‘ health ; and that by all these together, we have it in
‘ our own power so far to lessen the effects of moral
‘ and physical evil, as to render them nearly extinct :
‘ and that, on the contrary, by our bad inclinations
‘ and pursuits, we not only exclude ourselves from any
‘ real pleasure, but insure dissatisfaction, remorse,
‘ disappointment, danger, and perhaps ruin.

‘ I hope you are already so much engaged in
‘ gallantry and intrigue, as to have little leisure of
‘ inclination for the lower and more common pur-

‘ suits of fashion, I mean gaming, horse-racing, &c.
‘ Of the first I can only say, that by its effects it
‘ must be the most dangerous and dissatisfactory of
‘ all amusements. The character of a gamester is
‘ simply this, he is a man whose ideas are abstracted
‘ from all the pleasing enjoyments of life, and whose
‘ mind is at once subjected to all the disagreeable
‘ and tumultuous passions, such as anxiety, disap-
‘ pointment, remorse, envy, and hatred; except the
‘ pleasure of winning, which only lasts for the
‘ short duration of a box hand, or a run of cards;
‘ he is pale and dejected, his looks artful and de-
‘ signing; he is ready to take every little mean ad-
‘ vantage, and in the ordinary transactions of life, as
‘ at the gaming table, suspects and cheats by turns.
‘ Even the laws of honour, which these gentlemen
‘ have thought necessary to prescribe, can scarcely
‘ guard them from the ingenuity of each other; but
‘ from these regulations, the young novice who does
‘ not know how to make an appeal, is excluded by
‘ general collusion and skilful manoeuvre, till he has
‘ purchased a profession by the loss of a fortune. I do
‘ not mean by these observations to tell you that you
‘ should not mix in those parties of fashionable play,
‘ where you know your company; but even there

‘ no more ought to be set at stake than will just serve
 ‘ to interest our attention to the game. But I will
 ‘ not fatigue you any farther with advice and differ-
 ‘ tation, since I believe what I have already said is
 ‘ unnecessary.

‘ I often contemplate, my dear de Verney, your
 ‘ first adventure to the island *d’Amour*, and frequent
 ‘ our little mosque more than ever. I expect you
 ‘ will presently renew these impressions by another
 ‘ visit. I have with me just now one of the most
 ‘ agreeable women in the world, the Countess de
 ‘ Molina, an Italian of distinction. You cannot
 ‘ come in a better moment, and I do assure you I
 ‘ will not be unreasonably jealous, while I re-
 ‘ tain in your mind a title the most pleasing of any
 ‘ to me, that of

‘ Your sincere and affectionate friend,

‘ *CONSTANTE DE CLERMONTÉ.*’

The Chevalier de Guillaume de Rochelle, notwithstanding the distant hints the young Count de Verney ventured to make to the Countess de Choisy, of his character, had constant access to *Mademoiselle Magdelene*, and had frequently accompanied her on
 different

different parties of pleasure. Roland, however, who was an artful and ingenious fellow, had instructions to watch as much as possible the actions of the Chevalier ; and having cultivated a friendship with his valet, was informed of almost every step which was taken. It was by this channel of information that he was sufficient master of the arrangements which were made to assure the Count de Verney that the Chevalier had boasted he would possess Mademoiselle de Choicy in less than a fortnight ; and that a scheme was formed for the completion of his design, the scene of which was to be laid at a lonely house near a seat of the Chevalier's, on the borders of the Seine, where a fishing party was made, and expected to take place in a few days.

The Count de Verney, who knew very well that nothing could establish his character more than an affair of honour with such a man as Guillaume de Rochelle, kept an entire secret from his friend St. Louis, the information he had received ; giving orders, however, to his valet, to be ready on the day appointed to attend him with another servant. Roland, who knew what would follow, had engaged

for the purpose, a fierce and determined fellow, a Russian, who had been formerly a pandour, and who was an utter stranger to the name of fear.

Roland, bred to intrigue and adventure, was not at a moment's loss for a counter arrangement. It was determined that he should go first to reconnoitre, which he did the next day, and found, with no little difficulty, the house fixed on for the diabolical purposes of the Chevalier Guillaume. It was entirely deserted and fastened up, and presented the most lonely and dismal mansion perhaps ever seen ; nearly surrounded by trees, and the path to it so excessively bad, and overgrown with briars and nettles, that it was very unlikely any traveller would pass that way. Roland was, however, ingenuous and successful enough to find a place where they might, unobserved, watch all the motions which were made by the Chevalier.

It appeared from the loose connection which Roland was able to catch hold of at different times, that the intended scheme was to have the following arrangement : the Countess de Choicy, the Countess de Verney, Magdelene, and the Chevalier, were to
be

be all the party, excepting the coachman, and a servant of his ; that on their way to the place appointed for the amusement of fishing, three armed men on horseback were to attack the carriage, and carry away Mademoiselle de Choicy by force ; that Guillaume, with his servant, were to affect a resistance, and pursue them into the wood, till out of sight, and that then they were to blindfold Mademoiselle de Choicy, to prevent a possibility of her knowing who was the perpetrator of this horrid design.

The morning of the intended excursion, the young Count found himself not included in the general invitation to be of the party, which sufficiently authenticated the intelligence he had received. De Verney was at this moment almost tempted to inform the lovely de Choicy of her danger ; but fearing a more secret enterprize might follow, and reflecting that it would deprive him of a vengeance he had sometime longed for, he was deterred from the explanation.

The young Count de Verney, and his followers on foot, and in disguise, were at the place appointed very early in the morning, so that they had full opportunities of making such observations as they pleased ; they found, however, the house fastened up as before, but by the help of a chink in the window shutters, could discover that it was very handsomely furnished within.

The Count had remained some hours in eager expectation of the party coming, and had just began to express his fears to his companions that they had mistaken the spot, when they heard the sound of horses feet, and presently saw some men well mounted making towards the place. Scarce any thing could exceed the impatience of the Count, when they approached nearer, and he could distinguish the voice of the lovely Magdelene calling for assistance ; but Roland would not permit his master to be thus disadvantageously engaged, and entreated him to remain quiet till Guillaume de Rochelle and his ruffians should be more unguarded and employed.

It was not long before they arrived at the spot, and dismounting, bore in their arms a lady (who had been placed before one of them on horseback) her face entirely covered, but whose dress made her sufficiently known to the Count de Verney; her voice was so exceedingly low and faint, that it was impossible to distinguish what she said. One of the villains, however, answered, "Madam, do not be afraid, you are in no danger." It was scarcely three seconds before she was carried into the house. Guillaume had by this time come up, and presently followed her in doors, accompanied by Huguet and another servant. Roland heard him give directions that after he should have left them, she might be conveyed into the road blindfolded, and left there, where he observed she would soon meet with assistance. Two of the servants of Guillaume were ordered to guard the door, which was scarcely shut, when they heard the lovely Magdelene call out, "Help, help! oh, where am I—have mercy, &c." she did not, however, imagine assistance was so near. It was at this instant that the Russian rushed from his hiding-place, and in an instant cut down one of Guillaume's servants with his broad sword, the other fled. The entrance already forced, the
Count,

Count, followed by Roland, rushed between the other two villains who were within, who, finding their master surrounded, and fearful of justice, instantly gave way, and took to their horses; the alarm was, however, sufficiently given for Guillaume to seize his sword. Huguet had permitted himself to be disarmed by Roland, so that the young Count had only the Chevalier to engage; they met at the entrance of the apartment into which Mademoiselle de Choicy had been carried. "What business have you here, Sir?" cried the enraged and disappointed Guillaume, seeing it was the Count de Verney. "I am come, Sir," returned the Count, "to meet the murderer of Arriete de Luci, and St. Malo, and to save from the attempts of a villain, the generous Magdelene de Choicy."—"Very well Sir," returned the Chevalier, with determined and collected coolness, and a smile of ironical contempt, "you shall be completely satisfied." They almost instantly engaged; the young Count knowing the advantage in science the Chevalier had over him, remained only on the defensive, fearful of making an unsuccessful lunge. It seemed, however, as if some superior power guarded the generous de Verney. All the skill and art of Guillaume were in
vain

vain used to hurt him : at last, the haughty Chevalier, tired out with his ill success, and impatient for the blood of his antagonist, made a resolute thrust, directed at the heart of the young Count, by which he so far lost his poise, as to receive his adversary's sword in his breast. The proud Guillaume fell senseless to the floor, weltering in his blood, without speaking another word.

The young Count de Verney now flew to the assistance of the lovely Magdelene, whom he found lying in a swoon on the sofa, where the villanous Guillaume had attempted her honour, in all the disorder of dress his cruel and insatiate lust had occasioned, almost entirely uncovered and exposed. The respect and goodness of the young Count de Verney would not permit him to indulge a moment the voluptuous advantage accident had afforded him, in dwelling on charms which were proscribed him by honour ; and if in adjusting the dress of the lovely de Choicy, some delicate and sensible liberties were taken, the fault was human nature,

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The young Count de Verney who had called to his servants to stay without, now raised the gentle Magdelene in his arms, but insensible to every thing about her, she only sunk in them in stronger and more dangerous fits. Roland was dispatched to endeavour to find the coach, while the Russian remained to guard his prisoner, Huguet, the valet of the unsuccessful Guillaume. It was not long before the former returned with the Countesses de Choicy and de Verney, whose astonishment and fears had occasioned them to remain on the spot where they were attached, without knowing what to do ; the account Roland had given on the way, prepared them for the scene they were to expect, but the Countess de Choicy was scarcely able to support the shock, when she saw her charming Magdelene pale and almost lifeless, and in a state of mental derangement.

The charming de Choicy was removed with difficulty to the coach, incapable of giving any rational answer to what was said to her, and in so weak and low a state, as to faint away several times in being conveyed to the carriage. Huguet, the valet of Guillaume was, on their arrival, secured in the
hands

hands of the police, and intelligence immediately sent to the family of the Chevalier de Guillaume, of the catastrophe which had happened to him. The news was presently spread abroad, but the confession Huguet made to the officers of justice rendered it not at all necessary for the Count to leave the kingdom; indeed, the business was as little spoke of as possible by the friends of the Chevalier, who knew they could derive no merit in publicly avenging the cause of a man so much hated and despised.

It was not till after a long course of medical assistance that the health of the injured Magdelene was restored. The young Count de Verney had, however, during her illness, so far succeeded with the Countess de Choicy, (who had promised to grant any thing if he could save the life of her daughter) that she began to listen seriously to the representations he made in favour of his friend St. Louis, and of the secret attachment of Mademoiselle de Choicy. The young Count de St. Louis was now admitted among other visitors to her room, as soon as it was thought she could bear the shock unexpected pleasure always gives. She was yet in bed, and perhaps one of the most charming subjects *au lit* a painter could

could have wished for ; the Promethean fire which had left her eyes, began just now to sparkle again ; the colour of her cheeks had revived, and her lips were again moistened with the Hyblean honey with which they were before spread ; the bedclothes were, from the heat of the weather, and the attitude in which she lay, so much deranged as to admit of still softer and more voluptuous beauties to be seen ; and by giving her hand to St. Louis (which he knelt down to kiss) the disposition became still more favourable. Mademoiselle de Choicy, however, not entirely pleased with the distant respect the Count preserved, favoured a more pleasing impression on her lips, while in the attitude of leaning forward, the hand of de Verney inclosing that of the beautiful Magdelene, gently rested on her soft white bosom, which palpitated with the pressure.

It was not long before the young Count de St. Louis was blessed with the entire possession of the charming person of Mademoiselle de Choicy.

The fame of the young Count had so much increased from his late affair with the Chevalier de Guillaume, that he began to find himself presently involved

involved in new engagements of pleasure and intrigue. The Countess de Clermonte, who had heard the news of his success, had wrote a letter to him, filled with little else than the sentiments of adoration and esteem, and containing a more pressing invitation than ever to the island *d'Amour*, while he found himself engaged in other pleasing entanglements, which inclined him to remain a little longer at Paris ; it being, however, in agitation that he should pass a few months in Germany, Italy, &c. the Count made the resolution of previously visiting the seat of the Countess de Clermonte, and actually set out for that place unattended by any servant whatever, except his favourite valet, Roland.

The Count arrived at Montargis just in time to procrastinate the departure of the Countess de Molina, who was to have set out for Italy in a very few days.

The meeting of the Countess de Clermonte and the young Count de Verney cannot be attempted in description ;—it was the triumph of love and sympathy over absence.

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The Countess de Molina, who was a lady of great wit and beauty, was attended at this time by a young Genoese of good family, named Livia, in the character of *filles de chambre*. The little Livia, who had particularly attracted the notice of the Count de Verney, was much under the middle size, her person rather *embonpoint*, her bosom full and voluptuously formed, her eyes filled at once with all the mischief and rapture of love; she was a most excellent dancer, and by dress and agility favoured so much the researches of the imagination, that she would have awakened the torpidity of any monk of Christendom.

Roland, who had commenced *un arrangement* on his own account with Mademoiselle Rossi, *filles de chambre* to the Countess de Clermonte, ingeniously diverted the attention of the young Count to the person of the little Livia; he did not, however, want much persuading, and had already determined to amuse himself with an affair of gallantry in that quarter: indeed, the lively and expressive eyes of the little Italian spoke so much love and inclination, as almost assured him of his success. He had frequently taken an opportunity of speaking to her,
and

and had found so much good humour, ingenuoufness, and friendship in what she said or did, that he was almost seriously in love with her.

One day, when the young Count had wandered out alone, he discovered Mademoiselle Livia in the garden, amusing herself, gathering strawberries ; he was in a moment's suspense whether he should speak to her or not, when the garter of the little Italian by some means fell to the ground, and entangled the prettiest foot in the province of Orleans. The little Livia immediately stooped down, and imagining herself unobserved, was as careless as he could wish in the necessary adjustment. The young Count, who knew that he could not have a better opportunity for an advance, immediately improved it. The poor little Genoese, who suspected she had been seen, was presently involved in the most lively confusion. " My pretty Livia," cried the Count, taking her hand, " do not be angry at an accident which is in " itself no harm, and which is only known to our- " selves ; I am sure you will think I have too much " gallantry not to preserve it in my own bosom." The little foubrette blushed like crimson, but the soft voluptuous fluid which sparkled in her eyes, ex-

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pressed more of pleasure than pain. She had allowed the Count to hold one of her hands in his, while she kept carelessly swinging the basket which she held in the other. "You have been very industrious, my dear, this morning," cried de Verney, "and have got some very fine strawberries."—"Will you have any, my Lord?" cried the little fille de chambre, holding him the basket.—"Since your hands have gathered them, I will," returned the Count, who already began to perceive his intrusion was pardoned, and that the secrets he was master of would not be to his disadvantage.

The young Count finding the fear of his little friend considerably abated, with great good humour, ingenuity, and some delicacy, rallied her on the accident which had happened. Poor Livia was obliged to listen to every thing, and had he spoken still more significantly than he did, could not have mustered up half courage enough for resentment. Indeed, it would have been impossible to have disengaged herself from the enraptured de Verney, who had encircled her waist with his arm, and pressed her lips with repeated kisses.

After

After the garden scene, the Count became a much greater favourite than before with the sprightly companion of the Countess de Molina ; he was permitted a thousand opportunities of being with her alone, and turned them all to advantage. The little Livia, who was very young, possessed a sort of childishness not unfavourable to a man acquainted with *le petite jeu d'amour* : she was exceeding fond of what the English call romping, in which amusement she would permit a great deal without being angry. Women never find fault with liberties which have a sort of sanction given them from accident or custom. The young Count, who could not dislike an exercise so full of incidental pleasures, passed the greatest part of his time with her before the Countess arose, or after they had retired to bed, and frequently had her on his knee, or in his arms, and sometimes in more convenient situations.

Mademoiselle Livia had by this time so little reserve left, that de Verney began to promise himself he should have no difficulty in obtaining the *ultimatum* of his wishes with such a little voluptuary ; he had constant access to her when he pleased, and in her bed-chamber the scene generally lay. It was this

sacred place that the young Count one night impudently ventured to enter after he knew she was in bed ; the poor little Livia, unconscious of her danger, lay fast asleep in the most charming attitude imaginable, her right arm bent under her head, and her left, from the heat of the weather, laying outside the bed cloaths, which were not a little displaced. *Qu'elle est charmante !* repeated the Count to himself, hesitating a moment whether he should improve the opportunity or not. "*Je ne saurois me retirer,*" continued the enraptured Count, " every thing is favourable, her confusion will not let her have power to resist me, and her love will not allow of resentment ; but shall I not by this action destroy for ever the innocence and gaiety of that little bosom ? It does not signify," cried he, "*il faut la recompenser ;*" it was in vain for reason to remonstrate with passion. The young Count drew nearer, and passed another minute in contemplating the beauties of the sleeping Livia, and then in ecstasy kissed her unguarded lips : she awoke, and with a smile that seemed to wish to turn the young Count's intrusion into mere pleasantry, cried, "*eh bien quel audace !* why, this is not your bedchamber, my Lord."—" I know it, my dear," replied the

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the Count," but it is your's."—"Well, then, my
"good Sir," returned the lively Genoese, "do pray
"leave me to say my prayers again and go to sleep."—
"That is impossible," cried de Verney, "I have
"long since, my charming Livia, viewed your
"charms with rapture; I cannot help loving you,
"and am now come to lay my fortune at your feet."
The Count followed these words with a succession of
new liberties, which he thought necessary to prevent a
studied reply. "*Esi vous serieux ?* my Lord," cried
the charming Livia, gently at the same time pushing
him from her with a firm resolution. "Do
"you not know my father and brothers are soldiers,
"and my family noble?"—"I know of nothing,"
replied the Count, "but love."—"Oh, my
"Lord," cried the gentle Livia, in tears, "what
"do you think of me! I know what love is, my
"heart, I believe, is all love; but do you imagine
"I have no sense of dishonour? My reputation is
"my only fortune, and surely it is cruel of you to
"exact because I have loved you, what would ruin
"me."—"Charming, sensible girl," repeated the
Count to himself, "although not born to be a Coun-
"tess, thou art still to be preserved from injustice.
"My dear Livia," continued he, kissing her with

a look of penitence and regard, "your charms are too great not to expose you to danger; but I will not offend again; can you forgive me, Livia?"

"Yes," returned the charming Genoese, "but pray leave me this night to my repose, that is, if I can have any. To-morrow I will listen to you, my mind is much disturbed, and your being here is highly improper; do pray leave me."

"Then promise," returned the Count, "that you will meet me at twelve to-morrow morning in the garden."—"Yes, yes, I will—come, go," returned the little Italian. The young Count, after imposing a hundred kisses for the dispensation he had received, left her to contemplate whatever subject she pleased.

The next morning the young Count was punctual, and met the little *fille de chambre* more gay and better dressed than ever. After some little introductory conversation, he very ingeniously resorted to the recent garden scene, and to the adventures of the preceding night. Livia blushed at the recollection, and lost ground more and more every moment.

"You

“ You do not know, my dear girl,” cried the young Count, after a little introductory conversation, “ the pleasure I feel in the conversation and company of my little friend, but there are insurmountable bars to my doing you the justice you deserve ; you know I cannot marry without the approbation of the monarch. How unfortunate is it then, where an attachment, so pleasing and sincere as our’s, and which is on my side too strong to be suppressed, should be proscribed by the laws only of political and ecclesiastical fiction.”

“ I am not, my Lord,” returned Mademoiselle Livia, “ so unreasonable as not to feel your situation, together with my own, or to think (here she paused a moment) or to think that the most sincere, the most delicate passion may not exist between two minds congenial to each other, without the bonds of matrimony ; but, my Lord, when a poor easy girl yields to the embraces of a man without first insuring his protection, she incurs a life of future calamity, wretchedness, and dishonour.”—“ You cannot suspect me capable,” returned the Count, “ of such baseness and ingratitude.”—“ No,” cried the little Livia in tears,

“fice than the return the heart can make. I do not
“long to be a Countess, but let me be the friend,
“the favourite of my Lord de Verney; let him
“esteem and honour me, and since he cannot give
“me the rank, let him endeavour to give me happiness.
“I will be your confidante, your companion;
“when your spirits are depressed with business, or
“the dissatisfaction of pleasure, come to Livia, she
“will always receive you with a smile, always be the
“same. I will read to you, sing sprightly airs and
“canzonets, dance, and play the guitar to amuse
“you; but to be happy, she must be valued. It is
“not dress and jewels which she covets, it is your
“esteem; but protect and guard her from the world,
“from the shafts of malevolence, and from the effects
“of those laws which shut her from society;
“remove her to some little spot, and sometimes
“come to see her; and since your rank excludes her
“from every other hope, be at least what no one
“can hinder you from being—her friend and protector.”—“My charming Livia,” replied the
Count, “although my mind should be constantly
“involved in folly and dissipation, this axiom shall
“remain undisturbed; that I will never accept a
“pleasure which may leave a thorn in the generous
“bosom

“bosom which bestows it. No, my Livia, I will
“put it out of my own power to do wrong, nor will
“I mention another word of love until——”—“Do
“not mistake me,” cried Mademoiselle Livia, with
a look of expression, “do not charge me with in-
“terestedness; there is always mistrust where we
“wish to bind each other in legal obligations, our
“most pleasing safety is in the hearts of those who
“love us. Let me see you this evening,” continued
Mademoiselle Livia, “after the Countesses are in
“bed; I have Rossi in confidence, and shall pre-
“pare a *petit souper* for you in my own room. You
“see already,” cried the charming Genoese, “I am
“too much in love to be discreet.”

The young de Verney waited the next evening for the appointed time with no little impatience, and was obliged to feign a very bad head-ach to make the Countesses retire somewhat earlier to bed than usual. It had, however, the desired effect, those ladies went to their rooms at ten o'clock, and the Count to his, where he remained only a few minutes to contemplate the approaching scene, and then ascended to the chamber of the little Italian; he found the charming Livia undrest to the greatest
advan-

advantage, a loose robe de chambre only surrounded her waist, her fine hair hung in ringlets from her shoulders, and her neck and bosom were with the most tempting propriety permitted to be seen. Indeed, she seemed in every respect to have studied the most voluptuous dishabille.

The young Count seated himself next the charming Livia, who permitted him *pour badiner* without much reserve or restriction on her part. The supper, which was prepared cold, remained on the table untouched, so much engaged was the Count de Verney with the fille de chambre to the Countess de Molina, who was in the best disposition in the world. The bedchamber was contiguous; it was near twelve o'clock, the Count enraptured, and the little Genoese alarmed. "Well, my Lord," cried the sprightly Livia, "*il fait fort tard, il faut nous se-*
"*parer, il faut être discret.*" The young Count ingeniously affecting to be governed by the principles of honour he had the day before professed, would have retired, had not the little Livia as ingeniously prevented him by prolonging the conversation. "Come, my Lord," cried the little Italian, "the
"idea of mistrust on one side, and interestedness on
"the

“ the other, must not exist in our minds, we have
“ been very happy together, and I will permit you
“ to stop a little longer ; I am involved in love, that
“ is certain, and have been out of temper with pru-
“ dence a long time. You say you love me, and I
“ believe it—Livia’s discretion ceases whenever her
“ heart is convinced.”—“ *Idole mio,*” cried the enraptured Count, catching her in his arms, and joining his lips to her’s with the most studied luxury,
“ how is it possible to help for ever loving you !”——
But it is almost time to draw the veil over description.

It seems the young Count was so much pleased the next day with the adventures of the preceding evening, that he insisted on allowing Mademoiselle Livia a pension of five hundred livres a month, which was as obstinately refused. It was not long, however, before she left the service of the Countess de Molina, and retired to Marli, on a pension of one thousand livres a year, where she lived in the greatest retirement, and was frequently afterwards visited by the successful Count de Verney.

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Though the consequences of indiscretion are lasting and irreparable with respect to most of the effects they produce, yet those effects may be much lessened to a mind which has fell more from error than vice, since they have only to retire without the reach of those cruel laws custom sometimes too severely sets up against nature, to enjoy the serenity which a mind must feel when destitute of any other reproach than too much love. Happy would it be if female imprudencies could always stop at this point. The greatest atonement we can make to offended virtue, is not to offend again, and ought to be received.

The young Count de Verney who had been nearly two months at Montargis, was now making preparations to return to Paris, accompanied by the Countess de Clermonte. The Countess de Molina had set out for Italy some days before, so that the Island of Love was, excepting the domestics, entirely deserted.

The excursion the young Count had proposed himself into Italy and Spain, which last place may be called the school of intrigue, prevented the Countess de Clermonte from making any long stay at
Paris ;

Paris; and as he set out immediately after she had left that place, will occasion a chasm in the history of that part of his gallantries, which is confined to Paris and its environs.

It is natural to conclude that when the young Count returned from his tour, the advantages resulting from travel had served in no small degree to add to his personal accomplishments, and the acquisitions of his mind; he was, indeed, more agreeable than ever, and had studied *l'art d'insinuer* with no small success. An opportunity presently offered for him to put in practice the ingenious science he had taken so much pains to attain. It happened that at his arrival, Madame St. Saphorin de Valiere, a celebrated devotee, the most pious, and at the same time the most uncharitable of any of that distinction in Paris, was on a visit to the Countess de Verney, attended by Madame Gerrard, a young hyppocrite of the same description, who had, contrary to the laws of nature and her disposition, been some time recluse in a convent, and now followed her mistress in the character of fille de chambre; she was fair, delicate, had very fine eyes, a charming bosom, an exceeding good leg, and many other qualifications.

Madame Valiere's fortune was much too small to have ever given her very sanguine hopes of the alliance she might from her family have expected, and her pride so great, that it had caused her to reject the offers of marriage made her by a young rich bourgeois, in the more early part of her life. It is never so easy to be religious as when contingencies abstract us from the world. An enthusiast by nature, the disappointed St. Saphorin gave up her person to the pious superieure of a certain convent, where she immured herself some years. Some pecuniary motives had only prevented her from taking the veil; but her maid was as secure in the torpid regulations of piety, as if she had actually been religious; in one of those prisons, she had obtained by her exemplary conduct, almost the character of the saint she was named after; her greatest ambition consisted in procuring the admiration given to unspotted virtue, the adulation of the priests who surrounded her, and in making holy converts for the Virgin Mary.

Such was the character of Madame St. Saphorin de Valiere; her person was more naturally beautiful; she was of the middling size, her shape slender and delicate, her eyes sleepy and languishing, her
com-

complexion fair beyond description, her hair very long, and of the finest auburn ; her full bosom, concealed by an almost impervious assemblage of muslin, envious of its beauties being hid, seemed to swell with all the conscious pride of superiority ; she was in age past the verge of thirty, but midnight prayers and watching had not yet deprived her of the charms nature had bestowed.

The young Count was not at all displeased with the disposition of things at his return, and determined in consequence to do his mother the honour to pass a much longer time with her than he at first intended.

The unexpected arrival of a gay young nobleman like the Count de Verney would have thrown almost any woman but the discreet St. Saphorin into a sort of perplexity ; but when introduced, that lady, without the least glance of observation, only gently bowed her head, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her thoughts seemingly abstracted from every thing round her. The young Count observed the fair *devotée* with uncommon attention, and made his arrangement accordingly in his own mind. Ob-
serving

serving her dressed entirely in black, and the cross of St. Louis suspended from her bosom, he assumed an entire new character, that of gentleness, humility, and discretion; he was at one instant absorbed in reflection, and the next lost in a seeming distraction of ideas. By a judicious management of his eyes, he sometimes expressed a sort of voluptuous susceptibility, the most dangerous in the world, since the mind does not appear at all engaged in it, and which he artfully seemed to check when he found himself observed. Thus by making himself unformidable, the young Count lessened considerably the reserve of the fair St. Saphorin: he also affected a well-dissembled melancholy, which engaged her complacency, and scarcely or ever entered into the conversation in which the Countess endeavoured to engage her friends.

Roland made nearly the same dispositions as his master, but he found constitution and the heart so much his friend in the little Gerrard, that he had occasion to continue them only for a little time.

The pious St. Saphorin, after a few days acquaintance with the Count de Verney, ventured sometimes to meet his eyes, perhaps to indulge only

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a religious inquiry into the cause of his unhappiness. The young Count became, as he found it necessary, or à propos, sometimes less reserved, but not less dangerous; he endeavoured at dinner or supper (which were the only times he had an opportunity of seeing Madame Valiere) to awaken her attention to some story of sensibility or curiosity; but in vain, the inflexible St. Saphorin continued absent to all he said. On one subject she could, however, sometimes speak; at the history of any female imprudencies or errors, of such as she knew, her eyes would immediately begin to sparkle, and her tongue to pronounce the uncharitable sentence, the *pureness of virtue* is so often found ready to give. Excepting when her attention was thus engaged, or in the necessary language of politeness, Madame Valiere never uttered a syllable during the whole time she was at table.

“ Shall I,” cried the young de Verney to himself, after the unimproved space of a whole week, “ undertake this woman or not? the conquering her cold and insensible heart will only absent me, perhaps, for an unsuccessful period from the pleasure and dissipation which awaits me at Paris,
“ and

“and from the pursuit of more easy and agreeable
“intrigue.”

The young Count had almost given up all idea of what he imagined a negative endeavour after happiness, when he received the following letter from Madame d'Almont, which presently determined his resolutions another way:

‘ My dear DE VERNEY,

‘ I REJOICE among others at your being once
‘ more so near your friends; they are all impatient
‘ to see you at Paris except myself, who must can-
‘ didly confess I wish you to remain, for your own
‘ happiness and my most complete satisfaction, *un peu*
‘ *de tems* longer where you are; you have arrived
‘ *bien à propos*, and have, if I am informed right, a
‘ most excellent subject for *une arrangemente* just now,
‘ at Melun, I mean the discreet and pious, I wish I
‘ could add the generous Madame St. Saphorin de
‘ Valiere; you may if you please subjoin deceitful,
‘ ostentatious, and vindictive. Many of our *plus*
‘ *galants hommes* have endeavoured to *humanize* this
‘ creature, but she is as inanimate as an Egyptian

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‘ mummy.

‘ mummy. You will have several letters from your
 ‘ friends to desire you will engage yourself *pour per-*
 ‘ *fectionner* this torpid *religieuse* ; we all hate her,
 ‘ and your future hopes among us depend on your
 ‘ success with her. My poor matter of fact husband
 ‘ still continues in the Netherlands on the service of
 ‘ the state, where I hope sincerely he may remain ;
 ‘ but I declare notwithstanding I will not see you
 ‘ till———You know what I wish.

‘ Adieu, your sincere and

‘ affectionate friend,

‘ MARIA D’ALMONT.’

The Count immediately on the opening of this letter, had sent for his favourite valet, Roland, who was closeted some time with him, in forming the necessary arrangements which were to be made in consequence of the instructions they had received. “ *Il faut reussir,*” cried the ingenious Swiss, after reading the letter. “ *Il nous faut se detacher de tout autre chose.*” — “ *Avez vous des esperances,*” cried the Count de Verney. — “ *Ah oui certainement, Monsieur ;*” “ but we must form a better mode of attack ; a wo-
 “ man so nice and scrupulous as Madame Valiere
 “ will never be unreserved before a third person,
 “ and

“and you know the Countess is always present ; we
“must find out some method of meeting with her
“alone ; one opportunity of that sort may decide
“the business, and she may afterwards save us the
“trouble of watching her.”—“My dear Roland,”
cried the young Count de Verney, “I leave all to
“you.”

The ingenious valet had no sooner received his commission, than all the pride he was possessed of urged him to the completion of his master's wishes ; he immediately set about the business, and urged Madame Gerrard so successfully, that he was informed of all the arrangements her mistress made ; and among the rest, that after having pretended to retire to her room from dinner, she constantly walked out into a little irregular plantation, a little distant from the road,

The intelligence Roland was able to give, presently fixed the resolutions of the Count de Verney, and the next day after rising from dinner, he walked as hastily as he could to the appointed spot. It was not long before Madame de Valiere came into the walk, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her small

slender fingers employed in counting the beads of a handsome rosary : she had approached pretty near the Count de Verney, who had thrown himself on one of the seats before she perceived him, and started back with a sort of apprehension and fear, the best dissembled in the world ; she recovered herself with equal management, bowed, and then fixed her eyes again upon the ground.

The Count, who was in the attitude of reading, rose, and after bowing respectfully, approached the side of the beautiful St. Saphorin.

“ What the devil shall I say,” cried the Count to himself.—An old soldier approached them at the moment begging alms ; without a single word, or even a look, the pious St. Saphorin drew a silk purse from her pocket, and gave him a livre. De Verney could not help giving him another. The soldier blessed them with all the warmth and energy of gratitude, which benediction was only received by the fair devotée with a heavy sigh.

“ And why is it,” cried the young Count de Verney, seizing the opportunity it gave him, “ that the
“ having

“having bestowed and received a blessing, should occasion a sigh from the generous St. Saphorin?”

“You do not understand my heart,” returned Madame Valiere, in a soft low voice; these were the first words she had ever uttered to the Count alone.

“Would to God I did,” cried the young Count to himself. “But surely, Madam,” continued he aloud, “there cannot be a more pleasing sensation than that we receive from having made another happy.”

“The pleasures of sensibility,” returned the fair St. Saphorin, “are always attended with a certain degree of pain.”

“The pleasures of love are then, I suppose,” cried the Count, “of the same description?”

The ray which the instant before had been directed from the bright eyes of the beautiful Valiere, in a line nearly parallel with the Count's, fell to the ground.

“They are derived,” continued the young de Verney, “from the same disposition of the gentle and
“social virtues in the human breast.”

Madame Valiere answered not a word.

“A mind so soft and susceptible as your’s,” continued the Count, “though engaged in the contemplation only of virtue and religion, must yet from
“its formation be sensible of the impressions of
“love.”

“I do not understand you, Sir,” returned the fair devotée.

“Love is,” cried the Count —

“I beg your pardon, my Lord,” interrupted Madame Valiere, “but the Countess expects me.” With these words she hastened to the house, which, from her having very artfully directed her walk that way, was close at hand, and thus left the poor Count to finish his definition on love.

“Marbleu,”

“Marbleu,” cried the young de Verney, “why did
“I let her go in?”—“*Il faut l’abandonner.*”—“*Point*
“*du tout*, my Lord,” cried the artful Roland le
Grand, who had concealed himself behind one of
the largest trees for the purpose of observing what
had passed, and was now at his master’s elbow,
“*pas encore s’il vous plait*, things cannot go on in a
“better train; you have gained a point, and could
“not expect more than you have received from the
“discreet Madame Valiere; pray rest satisfied for
“the present, I will engage for your success; I have
“Madame Gerrard already in pay.”

The Count, encouraged by the philosophy and
success of his favourite valet, determined to renew
his efforts with still more vigour and address, and,
indeed, changed the disposition of the siege entirely;
he now scarcely allowed the fair devotée a moment
unengaged with some significant conversation, or
those little attentions and politenesses which enforce a
reply; he endeavoured constantly to meet her eyes,
and intermingled in his looks those dangerous and
voluptuous glances she had so constantly tried to avoid,
and sought every occasion of taking her hand when
etiquette would not permit her to refuse, at which
times

times it always received the pressure it deserved, but which was as yet incapable of conveying the sensation to her heart.

The situation of the fair *devotée*, though not perceived by herself, became every day more dangerous. Chance, as if envious of the wise regulations of discretion and prudence, determined to overthrow, if possible, the system she had formed.

The Countess de Verney, Madame St. Saphorin de Valiere, and the young Count, were engaged drinking tea together one evening under a pavilion in the garden; the Count had just opened a small volume of miscellaneous poems, when the servant came to inform the Countess that a gentleman, *un avocat* from Paris, wished to speak with her on particular business.

Madame Valiere was employed making tea, so that it was impossible for her abruptly to follow the Countess; the effect was fine, she had immediately an attitude, her elbow resting on the table, and her cheek on her hand. Women are seldom at a loss on these occasions.

The position was not, however, sufficiently negative to prevent the Count from forcing a conversation.

“Are you not well, Madam?” cried the Count,

“Yes, Sir” replied Madame Valiere, somewhat confused.

“I have observed, Madam, with pain,” continued the Count, “a melancholy in all your words
“and actions, in which I cannot help feeling myself
“self interested, and into which I have often been
“tempted to inquire.”

“Melancholy!” cried the fair devotée, “and is
“then the serenity which is derived from religion to
“be called melancholy?”

“And is religion then,” continued the young Count, “adverse to all the pleasures of society and
“friendship?”

“Certainly not,” cried Madame Valiere, “but I
“fear what you call the pleasures of society, consist
“in

“ in a sort of dissipation and levity I am not formed
“ to enjoy. But, Sir, why are you at all interested
“ in my disposition ?” The fair St. Saphorin
looked as if she recollected the danger of these last
words.

“ Madam,” cried the Count, “ I despise as much
“ as yourself the volatility and dissipation of fashion ;
“ (a man must sometimes be a hypocrite with a wo-
“ man,) but these are pleasures the result of sen-
“ timent, which are to them unknown ; and
“ since your mind is capable to give and receive
“ those impressions above any other ; pardon me if
“ I dare to wish to be acquainted with it. But,
“ Madam,” continued the Count, “ your constant
“ reserve has checked all my hopes, however mode-
“ rate and sincere.”

“ If it has,” cried Madame Valiere, “ you must
“ ascribe it to the succession of those ideas which
“ constantly envelope my mind : I wish to see no-
“ thing around me here, and only like a tried pil-
“ grim, long for the glorious end of my journey.

“ I have

“ I have drawn her into a conversation, however,” cried the young de Verney, “ I hope the Countess will be detained an hour”—“ Madam,” continued he, to the fair Saphorin, “ I admire the greatness, the superiority of your mind, but I cannot allow that such charms as you possess, unless you can forget you are a woman, should”——

“ Hold!” interrupted Madame Valiere, “ it is impious to mention the acquisitions of beauty with religion.”

“ But nature,” cried the Count.

“ Nature !” repeated Madame Valiere, and paused.

“ Is it possible,” cried de Verney, “ that the lovely form she has given you should be destined only to pine away within the walls of a convent, and know no other embrace than the arms of death. But I deny the censure of enthusiasm, love is both agreeable to religion and to virtue.”

“ No,”

"No," returned the fair Saphorin, "every thing
"that abstracts us from divine thoughts is useless or
"bad."

"Charming enthusiast," cried the young Count,
"how much do I admire the beautiful theory your
"virtues have formed ; but may I ask, and will you
"answer me frankly one question ?"

"Ye—s," replied Madame Valiere.

"Then has not your heart sometimes informed you
"there was such a thing as love ?"

"It has," returned Madame Valiere, "but I have
"always shunned the danger of such ideas ; it is our
"own fault to indulge them."

"I wish, Madame," cried the Count, with a
sigh, "you would teach me how to avoid them.
"But it will be impossible, in the contemplation of
"your charms they will follow ; and though," con-
tinued he, gently touching her hand which lay on the
table, "I would, sooner than offend you, submit

"to

“to any thing you should impose, even to perpetual
“exile, still I can never cease to adore.”

Madame Valiere started.

The Count was determined not to recede, fell on his knees, and seizing her hand, left the impression of a thousand kisses.

Madame Valiere struggled.

The Count continued the disposition.

The offended St. Saphorin at last disengaged herself, and snatching up her cross which lay on the table, walked hastily out of the pavilion.

The Count thought it most prudent not to follow.

Madame Valiere went immediately to the chapel, but it was impossible for her to abate at once the palpitation into which she had been thrown; she threw herself on her knees, the book fell to the ground: even her prayers to the Virgin Mary were not unmixed with ideas of the pavilion scene; she felt a

new

new and undescribable sensation, a glow of heat that ran through her veins ; she endeavoured to reason with herself to find the cause, and perhaps with no great degree of justness, called it indignation.

The disappointment of the Count was only followed by a still more masterly disposition in the arrangement of things, of which Roland, aided by Madame Gerrard, was the principal engineer. It was determined the Count de Verney should signify his intention of leaving, by which means he would destroy the same design which agitated in the mind of Madame Valiere ; the consequence was as he expected and desired. When our wishes are anticipated, they lose half their value. Madame St. Saphorin grew somewhat less reserved, and her mind seemed to have recovered again that ease and indifference which it enjoys, when insensible and careless of danger.

The Count had not yet fixed the day of his departure, and continued to see Madame Valiere as usual, but with the same distance and reserve on her side ; her heart was not yet thawed, or her pride dispensed with.

Pride

Pride is the most negative and obstinate point a man of gallantry has to contend with in a woman, and would, perhaps, have opposed the wishes of the Count de Verney with ultimate success, had not chance determined again to use her power in destroying that hydra of the heart.

The young de Verney was exceedingly fond of angling, and there was an arm of the river Seine which ran through a plantation near the house, where he frequently passed his time in that amusement. Fate had ordered it so, that a train of similar ideas should lead Madame Valiere to the same morning diversion, at the same time, and to the same spot,

The young Count had been some time engaged in the sport, and had met with so little success, that he had given it over, and was seated behind a little irregular shrubbery, when he saw Madame Valiere with a rod in her hand approach the side of the bank. He was himself effectually concealed, and the Countess de Verney being in company with the fair Saphorin, determined him to remain so. It was not long, however, before Madame Valiere was left to

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herself;

herself; the young Count, chagrined as he was in his own mind at the cold inflexibility which had opposed him, could not help viewing with admiration the beauty of her form, and the grace which attended every action. Madame Valiere had thrown in the line several times without success; the fly was at last bit by a large trout, which shook the rod violently with its endeavours to disengage itself: the beautiful angler, fearful of losing the sport, with more eagerness than prudence, stepped on the trunk of a fallen tree, (to have more command of the line) which, as it only floated in the water, gave way, and she immediately sunk into the deepest part of the stream.

The young Count fortunately saw the accident in the very moment, and immediately jumped in to her assistance; it was with no little difficulty, however, that he raised her in his arms to the bank.

The Count de Verney could not, in the necessary assistance, avoid taking those advantages with which fortune had favoured him: perhaps accident indulged him more in the space of three minutes, than the discretion of Madame Valiere would have allowed in

as many years. It is in these situations nature triumphs over custom.

Imagine at this instant the enraptured Count snatching, without resistance, unnumbered rites from the lips of the lovely Saphorin. Imagine at the same time the fair devotée leaning back in his arms, in all the disorder of dress the accident occasioned ; her linen even wet with the water of the Seine, and her fine bosom, no longer protected by the handkerchief, panting with the most voluptuous agitation.

The affrighted St. Saphorin recovered, only to be sensible of a greater danger ; she found in the fatality of a moment, her pride, her reserve, her prudence, defeated, or at least considerably weakened. She remembered she was borne almost naked to the bank in the arms of a man, who wished for advantage, without being able to insist on her favourite propriety and decorum, and now saw that man before her, indulging with impunity those ideas which she could not divest him of, and which were the consequences of her misfortune.

Madame Valiere permitted herself to be lead to the house, when the Countess de Verney received her with a tenderness and affection that served in some degree to lessen her chagrin. The young Count was presently turned out of office, and the fair devotée put into bed.

The Count also retired to his room, where he had an opportunity of indulging his ideas once more with the picture of the angling scene. It was not, however, long before he rung the bell for Roland, to inform him of the adventure of the morning ; scarce any thing could exceed the pleasure with which that faithful valet heard the story. “ *La precieuse,*” cried he, laughing, “ *je m’ imagine l’affaire : eh bien,*” continued he, “ *rien vous arrete ; allons, il faut en profiter.*” New schemes were in consequence formed, and new arrangements made.

Pride, one might have imagined, would have inclined the fair devotée to have hated the author of her dear-bought assistance ; but the same accident which dispensed with her extreme propriety, had occasioned some new and not unpleasing reflections.

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It was some days before Madame Valiere left her room, not so much from her illness, as the dread of being obliged to encounter an eye possessed of so much secret knowledge, as that of the young de Verney, and the inquiries he might make.

La paresse is exceedingly favourable to the wishes of a man of intrigue. Madame Valiere lay indulging on her bed a thousand new and perplexed ideas; her matins and vespers were neglected, and her bosom beat with continued perturbations: she was angry, indeed, at the weakness she found in herself, but could not restore her mind to its former strength; she was displeased at the wandering of her thoughts, but could not recall them again to prayer; nature sometimes ventured through the cloud of superstitious and enthusiastic darkness to assert her right. Madame Valiere extended, rather on the couch of voluptuous pleasure than disease, indulged and doubted, trembled and inquired; she reflected that if she should be unable to keep her guard, there was still much mysterious pleasure in the defeat, and that should she break through the strict laws enjoined by virtue, still love would recompense her with something more real and satisfactory.

The Count had purposely procrastinated his departure, and Madame Valiere was at last obliged to appear at dinner ; her cheek received a lively tint of red when she was introduced, which shewed nature only lay concealed in instructed torpidity ; but the young Count mingled so much softness and delicacy in his looks, that she could not well receive any other sensation but that of being charmed with his generosity. Skilled in the art of conquest, he governed himself with all the prudence of a Roman general to a vanquished enemy : he endeavoured rather to conciliate than to shew exultation, and had the pleasure to perceive the success of his deportment. The eyes of the lovely St. Saphorin, which had always before been directed another way, now sometimes met his with an expression that seemed to speak proscribed inclination. Love, however, was still far from having obtained a victory over enthusiasm ; the grand mass, and her confessions to Father Bernard, still reminded her of the same annexed to pure and spotless virtue. St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins could not have had better principles of chastity.

It is certain, that from every determination which we make contrary to the laws of nature and reason, we only grow the weaker for it. Madame Valiere in all her resolutions to hate, still inclined to love.

The Count de Verney, who had still kept up the idea of his intended visit to Paris, did not long neglect the taking advantage of things; opportunity again favoured him; he met Madame Valiere alone on the staircase, going to her own room.

"*Il fait fort beau tems,*" cried the Count, bowing.

"*Oui, charmante,*" returned Madame Valiere, holding the door of her chamber in her hand.

"I have just been giving directions," continued the Count, "to my man, to get ready for my journey."

"Are you going to leave us?" returned Madame Valiere.

“ Yes, Madam,” cried the Count.

“ Then I wish you every pleasure and happiness,” cried Madame Valiere, going within the door.

“ No, Madam,” cried the Count, retaining her hand, “ my happiness is in your power, and in
“ absence, all the torture of hopeless passion and
“ despair.”

“ Sir!” returned Madame Valiere, trembling all over.

The Count, skilled in the action as well as the declamation of love, fell on one knee, and ventured to kiss her hand; the sensation flew like the electric fluid to her heart.

There is what the metaphysicians call a chemical affinity in love.

“ Yes, my charming Saphorin,” continued the Count, “ you must, you shall be sensible of the
“ passion for which Heaven designed you, and
“ which ———”

“ Sacri-

“Sacrilegious!” cried Madame Valiere, endeavouring to withdraw her hand.

“Pardon, lovely woman,” cried the Count, “the language of despair, since that of nature and of reason speaks for me.”

“Pray, Sir, let me go.”

“To offend you, Madam,” cried the Count, “would be worse than death; but surely those eyes do not express resentment, that bosom does not pant with anger?”

“I believe it does not,” cried Madame Valiere, to herself.

“Yes, Madam, I will leave you,” cried the Count, with a sort of distraction in his looks, “but if I do, it shall be for ever.”

“No,” cried Madame Valiere, softened by his appearance, “do not say so.”

“Speak,

“Speak, then, pronounce my sentence,” cried de Verney, “it is in your power to decide my fate.”

“What would you have me say?” returned Madame Valiere.

“Since I dare not ask if you love, tell me, do you hate me?”

It is very hard for a woman to answer yes, to such a question.

Madame Valiere faltered, “I dare not,” cried she, “make you any answer.”

“Then let me hope,” cried the Count, “that if you did, it would be propitious.”

“Perhaps it might,” answered Madame Valiere, scarcely to be heard.

The Count rose, and would have taken the pleasing palliative from her lips.

“Pray,

"Pray, Sir, desist," cried Madame Valiere.

The Count was only more empaffioned.

"Sir, I infist on your leaving me," cried Madame Valiere, "I don't know why I have liftened
"to you, except that as it is neceffary we should
"part, we might part friends."

"And where is the cruel neceffity that should fe-
"parate us?"

"Your peace, my Lord, and my honour."

"My peace," returned the Count, "Heavens!
"can happinefs exift without you?"

"My Lord," interrupted Madame Valiere, "I
"do not wifh to accufe you of defign in your pro-
"craftination, but it is my duty to fhun the danger
"in which, perhaps, my heart, at leaft my reputa-
"tion, is involved. I fhall fet out immediately, my
"Lord, from this place."

"Then

“Then I will follow,” cried the Count to himself.

“You have no occasion,” returned the Count, “you shall be obeyed; another day shall put it out of my power to offend you.”

Madame Valiere sighed.—“Well, adieu, my Lord,” disentangling her hand, “you will always have my good wishes for your protection.”

The young Count was obliged to withdraw, but it was with no small triumph.

Madame Valiere threw herself on the sofa, her mind became more and more involved by the successive train of incidents that served to destroy the regulations of her reason. Roland had by a happy foresight persuaded Gerrard to place among the rest of the books in the room, the poems of Sappho and Anacreon; a prayer book lay next them, but Madame Valiere was not disposed to pray: she took up the hymn to Venus, her imagination improved the subject, and her inquiry began already to endanger her

her morality ; in short, she fell fast asleep with the volume in her hand.

The night previous to the pretended departure of the Count, Roland placed the following letter on the toilet of Madame Valiere :

‘ Madam,

‘ I TRUST your goodness will not let you refuse a wretched exile the last happy moment he is perhaps ever destined to enjoy. I ventured once to ask if your heart had ever informed you of love, you answered, yes, charming woman ! Then judge from that sensation the anguish of a hopeless passion. But need I repeat the inquiry into your heart ; it is impossible that nature, redundant in the beauties and excellencies she has bestowed, should have left that bosom unempassioned ; and since it can palpitate with pity, friendship, and every gentle impulse, it can pant from love : that lovely form which not a little since I bore in my arms from imminent danger to safety, was never designed to waste away in torpid melancholy, or those brilliant eyes to watch only the trembling vapour of the
‘ midnight

‘midnight lamp. Perhaps I offend; but, Madam,
‘nature, without my remonstrances, proud of her
‘work, claims you to herself.

‘I shall never, Madam, ask another favour, then
‘indulge the last trembling hope of the man you
‘hate; allow me once more to speak to you alone,
‘to touch that lovely hand, to have another bene-
‘diction from your lips, and in that last adieu to
‘sum up all my happiness at once.

‘Your most sincere

‘Friend and servant,

‘G. DE VERNEY.’

There are three essential points in writing to a woman to be considered.

The first, to use enough of the language of humility and adulation, to prevent her pride being alarmed.

The next, to adopt a certain voluptuousness of expression, that may engage her to those contemplations which are always of use to an affair of gallantry.

The

The third, to make the danger of denying appear greater than that of granting the request of her lover.

The Count de Verney had other circumstances in his favour ; he was in possession of some valuable ideas only existing between himself and the charming Saphorin.

Madame Valiere when she retired from supper, went immediately to her room, attended by Madame Gerrard ; she had been only a few minutes undressing at the toilet, and was almost *pret à se coucher*, when the instructed fille de chambre exclaimed, "*eh ! mon dieu.*"

The letter was the subject of surprise.

Madame Valiere immediately snatched it from the trembling Gerrard, and affecting all the perturbation of anger and astonishment, threw herself in a *fauteuil* next the bed.

" You must know something of this Gerrard," cried Madame Valiere, breaking open the seal.

“*Je n'en fais rien,*” cried Madame Gerrard, *avec froideur.*

Madame Valiere seemed only just to glance over the first syllables of the billet *d'amour*, and then with a well-imagined indignation tore it into pieces.—“Go,” said she to Madame Gerrard, “*je n'ai plus besoin de vos services ce soir.*”

Madame Gerrard obeyed, but went no farther than just without the door, where she posted herself to watch through the keyhole, the more faithful deportments of her mistress.

Madame Valiere, when left to herself, remained only a few minutes sunk in the *fauteuil*; the fallen fragments were presently collected from the ground, and so arranged and disposed on the table, as to make the sense as complete as ever.

“How shall I act?” cried the charming Saphorin to herself, contemplating the dissected *billet doux* before her; a moment's suspense only followed, when the bell was rung vehemently for Madame Gerrard.

It

"It will not signify," cried Madame Valiere, "what I say to this girl."

The ingenious fille de chambre, who was obliged to stop some time before she obeyed the summons, employed the elapse most advantageously in the necessary study of reply.

"Gerrard," cried Madame Valiere, when she entered, "you must know something of this letter, come tell me the truth, I will not be angry with you."

Gerrard was silent.

"You need not fear," continued the beautiful devotée, "perhaps I am not much displeased with the contents."

Gerrard owned every thing.

"And how long, pray," cried Madame Valiere, "have you been retained in the service of the Count?"

N

"Ever

“ Ever since he came here, Madam.”

“ I thought you had more discretion, Gerrard.”

“ Ah, Madam,” cried the ingenious foubrette,
“ *Qu’importe la discretion ?*”

“ *Qu’importe la discretion,*” repeated Madame Valiere to herself.

“ You have been very much in fault, child,” continued St. Saphorin.

“ Yes, Madam,” answered Madame Gerrard, dissembling a few tears.

We love dearly to accuse another of an error which we are almost ready to fall into. It is a sort of strength to our faults to find more than ourselves involved in them.

“ I have suspected some time,” cried Madame Valiere, “ that you had a secret attachment for Roland, the Count’s valet de chambre.”

“ O

“ *Oui, Madame ; j’aime Roland, Roland m’aime ;*
“ *il aime aussi son maitre, et son maitre il aime ma*
“ *maitresse*, and that is the way the letter came on
“ the toilet.”

“ And pray what did the Count say when he gave
“ you this new employment ?”

“ He said, Madam, that you was the most charm-
“ ing woman on earth, and that ——”

“ *Arretez*,” cried Madame Valiere, adjusting the
bosom of her *chemise* at the glafs.

“ I am sure, Madame,” continued Gerrard, “ he
“ loves you to distraction ; there never was a
“ gentleman so noble, so sincere, so generous, and
“ so friendly as my young Lord de Verney.”

“ *Laissez moi tranquille*,” interrupted Madame
Valiere.

Gerrard went no farther.

“ You may go to bed,” cried Madame Valiere.

The successful fille de chambre retired.

Vanity, which never leaves a woman in the lurch, et her age, person, disposition, or religion, be what it will, caused the fair Saphorin just now to contemplate those charms the Count had idolized, and perhaps to inquire more naturally and philosophically than ever, a cause why they should be any longer useless or neglected.

Madame Valiere was now arrived at that crisis when women begin to seek for excuses ; there cannot be a more favourable moment to a man of gallantry ; it is the precursor of success.

“ Alas ! I fear,” cried the beautiful Saphorin, her hands mechanically clasped together, “ a devotée is
“ not a natural or real character. It may be sincere
“ where age and ugliness forbids more pleasing im-
“ pressions than enthusiasm ; but I believe there are
“ few women like myself who would subject them-
“ selves to the cruel and severe penances it im-
“ poses.”

Precedent

Precedent and vanity are two powerful enemies to the regulations of prudence.

“There can surely be no harm,” continued Madame Valiere, “in seeing the Count, or even in the indulgence of the most pleasing of all the passions, when regulated by virtue and discretion.”

Whenever we would accomplish a wish, it is the easiest matter in the world to persuade ourselves there is no danger or criminality attending it.

Women are exceedingly fond, when they have not courage enough to err deliberately, of throwing themselves into such situations as will put it out of their power to do any thing else, and give themselves a vast deal of credit in giving only a half consent.

We go on in nothing faster than in the disposing of a troublesome and unnecessary restraint. Pride even now yielded to the arguments offered by love: “The Count is honourable, Gerrard faithful, and we are 40 miles from Paris, besides its being the seat of the Countess de Verney.”

Madame Valiere did not consider how fast evil fame flies, and how very ingeniously she collects her news.

Things were in this situation, when the beautiful Valiere who had retired to her bed, drew the curtains round her and fell fast asleep.

After breakfast in the morning, Madame Valiere sat down to her scrutoire and begun the following letter to the Count :

‘ Sir,

‘ I DO not know whether I ought to make
‘ any reply, much less a promise, in answer to your
‘ letter ; however, if you ——’

“ *Dois je le continuer ?*” cried Madame Valiere to herself.

‘ If seeing me once more before you leave Melun,
‘ will afford you any pleasure, I should be un-
‘ grateful ——’

[Ungrateful]

[Ungrateful was the most happy word she could have thought of.]

‘ I should be ungrateful to deny you so small a
‘ favour.’

[After another pause, during which the heart obtained another victory over prudence, she continued.]

‘ I almost tremble at the answer I have given you ;
‘ but it is too late to retract, my heart will not any
‘ longer permit me to disallow the interest it has in
‘ your happiness.’

[“ That will be saying a great deal too much,”
cried Madame Valiere.—Love would not, however,
permit an erasure.]

[“ I find I am involved in it,” cried Madame
Valiere, “ and *il import peu combien*,” she continued.]

‘ I am informed the Countess de Verney goes to-
‘ day to Paris ; I shall keep my room as usual, but
‘ you may see me at six in my *boudoir*, to take a
‘ final leave. Adieu.

‘ ST. SAPHORIN DE VALIERE.’

“*Faut-il l’envoyer ?*” cried Madame Valiere, holding the letter carelessly in her fingers.—Gerrard was at last rung for, and commissioned to convey it to the Count.

The enraptured de Verney read his success in every syllable of the letter : he was true to the appointment, and found her alone in her own room.

She was dressed to the greatest advantage ; a string of pearls surrounded her neck, which was no longer enveloped in muslin ; her eyes shone with more brilliancy than enthusiasm, and her mouth seemed eager for a better office than reciting the matins or vespers of her faith. The Count seated himself by her on the sofa.

“ Charming woman,” cried de Verney, taking her hand, “ this kindness is, indeed, more than I “ could have expected.”

There could not be a better prelude than telling a woman she need not be afraid of granting any thing, because she had already granted too much.

Madame

Madam Valiere withdrew her hand.

“ But why retreat from me, my charming Sapho-
“ rin ?” cried the Count ; “ do not be angry with
“ that gentle bosom for having felt the impressions
“ of charity and pity.”

The last words were happily introduced, she had
been so used to them they could not offend her ear.

“ It is your nature to be tender—to be sensible—
“ to love.”

“ My Lord,” cried Madame Valiere, “ this is
“ not keeping your promise.”

“ The wretch to whom a respite is granted,” cried
de Verney, “ ever hopes a pardon. Oh ! forgive me,
“ if I tell you that I want courage to obey you ; I
“ find I cannot leave Melun.”

“ And I find I want courage to enforce it,” cried
Madame Valiere to herself.

“ Grant

“Grant but the dispensation of a few more days,” continued the Count.

“A few more days!” cried Madame Valiere, trembling.

“A week only.”

“My Lord,” continued Madame Valiere, “I feared the danger of this meeting; I have been to blame; I ought to have dreaded it; you must do as you please.”

“But is it your heart that accords with those words?”

“I believe it is.”

“Then let me seal the promise on your lips.” The action followed its preceding verb, and so close, it was impossible for Madame Valiere to be prepared against it. The Count fell on his knee, and pressing her hand, with a look of extreme sensibility asked her pardon.

“Oh,

“Oh, my Lord!” cried Madame Valiere; the exclamation was, however, as soft as sentiments could make it. The Count improved the moment, and again pressed the passive lips of the gentle Saphorin; she reddened, while the enraptured Count, who leaned over her in the action, observed her fair bosom swell with a tumult of passion, and beat with an agitation more the effect of love than anger.

“Pray, my Lord,” repeated Madame Saphorin.——

The Count allowed not a moment for recollection; his lips grown more daring, tasted still greater luxuries, while in the fair Saphorin, nature entirely owned the sympathy, and forbid the voice of prudence.

Madame Valiere leaned back on the arm of the sofa, while the young Count, more empassioned than before, ravished a thousand kisses: she reclined to avoid them, but the disposition only allowed of greater indulgencies. The young Count went on to victory, Madame Valiere uttered not a syllable.

It's

It's thought she struggl'd, but withal it's thought,
Her wish was to be conquer'd when she fought.

The success of the Count de Verney was presently followed by new arrangements on every side ; he presently set out for the capital, and Madame Valiere to her own house, where she had an opportunity of studying to some purpose *la religieuse*.

The moment of the young Count's arrival at Paris was the signal for Fame to extend her wings, and take a flight into every circle of fashion. Had the fair Saphorin remained as pure as the saint she worshipped, the moment would have decided against her. De Verney, though he would not own his victory, did not disallow it.

The young Count was not yet tired of gallantry, although engaged in the agreeable society of the Count St. Louis, and his charming lady, in visiting the little Livia, and Madame d'Almont, and in the conversation of the witty la Croix ; he was still eager for new adventures and intrigues.

The

The arrival, however, of a young nobleman from Italy, with his lady, who had shewn the Count de Verney many instances of esteem and friendship during his being in that country, engaged his attention entirely to their accommodation and amusement. The Marquis d'Orange was a young man, possessed of easy accomplishments, and all the elegance of person: the Marquise very tall, well shaped, exceeding beautiful skin, and a most charming bosom; her eyes languishing and expressive, and her hair a fine light brown; her temper affable, and her manner easy and familiar: she had several children, all beautiful, and possessed a character free from reproach and censure. The young Count had been in company with the beautiful Marquise before, when in Italy, and was too much engaged in the pleasure of renewing such an intimacy, without feeling some dangerous impressions; he was so much domesticated, as to be continually at the lodgings which they had taken, and was permitted to be constantly about the person of the charming Marquise.

The young Count could not, from the parental offices in which the beautiful d'Orange was sometimes engaged, help indulging a certain luxury of ideas
the

the situation afforded, and which married women are too careless of exciting.

Every new beauty a woman permits to be seen, raises a new desire and inclination.

A series of pleasant and agreeable evenings, passed in the company of the Marquis and his charming lady, had entirely dispensed with any reserve on their side to de Verney, who became a greater favourite every day.

The young Count was, however, insensibly led into an attachment for the Marquise ; the precepts of the generous Constante were in remembrance, but pleasure and opportunity had lessened exceedingly their power ; he would not imagine himself in danger from the indulgence of his ideas, or permit too nice a scrutiny into his motives. Friendship, that great check to our inclinations, and which is not easily got over, was yet always able to form resolutions when the object was not in sight, but failed in those critical moments of incidental pleasure, when every thing else is forgot.

As

As yet, the attachment which existed between the Count de Verney and the lovely Marquise d'Orange was pure and unpolluted, the source of extreme sensibility, sympathy, and friendship ; but the little god of mischief is not easily satisfied with Platonism, and when we least expect danger, places the bandeau over the eyes of discretion.

One evening the Marquis being engaged out, the young Count, as usual, was to pass the evening with the charming d'Orange and her family ; he found her at the toilet, as negligently attired as he could wish. The conversation was significant, witty, and brilliant, and filled with that dangerous double entendre, which, if indulged, will not afterwards be subject to reserve.

The Count had engaged the Marquise to play picquet, a game which of all others is best suited to intrigue : her gaiety and volatility permitted a thousand liberties to be taken ; he played with her hand, kissed it, invented ingenious forfeits to subject her lips to the same imposition, and indulged a conversation as dangerous as voluptuous.

The

The Marquise did not resent what might be called, as the ladies express it, "being a great deal too rude," till the young Count surrounded her waist with his arm, and proceeded to more unlimited gratifications. It was then that a generous blush covered the face of the beautiful d'Orange, a melancholy expression of the danger in which virtue found herself, damped all the voluptuousness of the moment. She trembled, a tear dropped from her cheek, the effect of honour contending with the dangerous power of a passion she could not long resist; and she continued only the unwilling and passive subject of intrigue.

It was at this moment when the enamoured Count held the beautiful Marquise, who had sunk in a soft delirium in his arms, and had almost accomplished the most daring of his wishes, that a loud and successive knocking was heard at the door. The guilty de Verney stood petrified with fear and astonishment, and the Marquise fell immediately on the floor. The alarm having ceased, gave them both time to recover in some small degree. They seated themselves at the table, and without speaking a word to each other, took the cards in their hands;
a jargon

a jargon of voices which they heard below, convinced them something was the matter, but they had neither of them courage to inquire into the cause. "Good God!" cried the fair d'Orange, who had risen from her seat, after an elapse of some minutes passed in watching at the door, "it is the "Marquis." A servant presently afterwards came up stairs, and with a faltering accent, informed them that his master was brought home dead.

We are never so exquisitely sensible of a crime as when friendship, justice, gratitude, and honour, accuse us all together, through the medium of incidental calamity.

Imagine the terror which seized the conscious bosom of the Marquise d'Orange. The Count ran instantly to the door, and met the servants supporting what appeared to be a dead corpse into the room. A surgeon had been procured, who used every endeavour of science and experience to obtain some small symptoms of returning life. The Marquise, in all the agony of poignant, and yet unattoning grief, leant over her injured husband, shedding the useless tears of grateful recollection, and which ar-

O

rived

rived too late: the young Count, though seemingly sunk into a senseless torpidity, felt the same insupportable anguish of heart, and would have given any thing to have possessed the peace of the past unaccusing moments of his life.

The skill and ability of the surgeon, however, at last in some degree prevailed, and was followed by still more pleasing symptoms. The Marquis was presently so much recovered as to be able to address those about him, and his eyes, though languid and destitute of their usual fire, were directed with a lively expression in search of the fair d'Orange and his young friend.

“Where am I?” cried the Marquis, “where is my dear Aurora? Is not the Count de Verney here?” they gave him their hands.—“My dear, good friends,” continued he, “I am very sorry for the alarm and distress I have occasioned you.” The beautiful d'Orange, with a heart bleeding with conscious ingratitude, pressed the hand of her husband the Marquis, not with a feigned affection, but with an ardency that seemed to wish to make a tacit and silent recompence for her fault.

A sen-

A sensible mind involved in an error, generally passes a severer sentence on itself than any other person would do for it : besides that, pride, when we are arraigned by others, will make us either excuse or defence, while in our own bosoms it is a tacit reproach we can neither lessen or oppose.

When the Marquis was a little recovered, he related to his disconsolate companions the circumstance of his misfortune ; he informed them, that being at table in a mixed company, where a relation of the Chevalier Guillaume de Rochelle was present, some words passed, which the Marquis conceived to be highly injurious to his young friend ; that he watched the gentleman who had spoke them, out, and met him at the door, the subject was renewed without much temper on either side, and the consequence was, they drew their swords, and that they were both dangerously wounded in the same instant.

The young Count de Verney felt new reproaches at every period of the recital, when he heard it was on his account the generous Marquis had risked his own life. The fair Aurora, who was attend-

ing in an attitude of tendernefs and regard to the fubject, burft into frefh tears; the real caufe of which were fortunately, however, concealed in the circumftance of the duel.

It was only with the recovery of the Marquis that the mind of the young Count was reftored to peace, and now began to feel impreffions of pleafure from having efcap'd the lafting remorse and torment attending vice and difhonour.

The beautiful d'Orange, frequently after, when alone with the young Count, fhed tears on the fubject of their mutual efcape, and returned thanks to Heaven for the prevention of their crime.

“ Oh, Madam!” cried de Verney, at one of thefe moments, “ how much more do I love you
“ now than ever! I adore you as fome fuperior be-
“ ing; never fhall bafe feduction endeavour again to
“ leffen the value of your virtues; be happy, be fe-
“ cure in your husband’s efteem, and bleffed in your
“ children and friend.”

Thus

Thus admirably was preserved the peace and happiness of a young nobleman, possessed of the best of hearts, and the honour of the most lovely and generous of women.

The history of the gallantries of the young Count de Verney begin now to draw near a conclusion. A more melancholy event followed that in which the Count had been recently involved, and which served at once to check the dissipation of mind he had so long indulged : it was the death of the Countess de Clermont. That lady, in whose breast, honour, generosity and friendship had remained unhurt by error, fell a sacrifice to a slow fever at Montargis ; the Count, by a hasty journey, was just in time to bid a last adieu to the most amiable of women.

The young Count found himself possessed at the death of the generous Constante of the whole of her fortune. It was impossible, however, for him to make the island d'Amour a constant residence : the first impressions of pleasure which he had received at that place, would not admit of the painful recollection it would have afforded from the loss of its charming mistress.

It is remarkable that the Count de Verney could never afterwards enter into the spirit of intrigue and adventure ; he became tired and disgusted with the pleasures of dissipation, and began to seek what every man of fashion ought to do in time, the happiness of a domestic life. The accomplished Madame la Croix, of both family and fortune, offered as the most likely object to answer his wishes, and it was in taking this amiable lady's hand, that the Count de Verney closed the scene of gallantry and intrigue.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

- Page 5, line 12, *for Mamvatæ read Mammoatœ.*
10, — 7, *for Maids read Naiads.*
52, — 12, *for in very read in a very.*
56, — 1, *for de Guilliame read Guillaume.*
64, — 8, *for convictious read conscious.*
66, — 7, *for distractions read distraction.*
69, — 20, *for de Constante read Constante.*
71, — 5, *for being low read hung low.*
74, — 4, *for mind read minds.*
89, — 22, *for en Badiner read en Badinant.*

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